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He was born in Nurney in 1883. He was one of seven children. His father was a banker, and was considered well-to-do.

Michael was apprenticed to a store-keeper in 1901 and worked there until 1904. He then left home, and after about a year in Dublin he came to New York with another Irish lad whose uncle was on the police force there. This uncle secured positions for both the lads in a New York wholesale dry goods house where they worked together until 1910, when Michael left his job and came to San Francisco.

His reason for coming to San Francisco was to marry his sweetheart, Catherine (whom he courted in New York), her parents having moved to San Francisco in 1909. Upon his arrival here he called on the different wholesalers in the dry goods business and was successful in obtaining a position with one of them.

In 1912 he married Catherine. In 1914 his position was advanced to that of road salesman. He was successful and continued on this job until 1918 when his firm consolidated with another and Michael decided to go into business for himself in a small way. He specialized in a few things in the dry goods line, mostly linens, and travelled over his old territory, where he made customers for himself.

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My informant is a young Irishman, now about thirty years old. He was born in Limerick in Ireland, and comes of a very good family, his father being a very well known surgeon.

As a young boy he was sent to St. Mungret's College, where he spent three years. He was one of the prize-winners in the all Ireland Examinations, having taken "Exhibitions", as they are called, in every grade. An exhibition is a prize given for 90%, or better, grades in three subjects for which honor papers are set. He excelled in Latin, Greek and Gaelic. Later he went to Trinity College, the world famous university in Dublin, and there studied law. He then completed his two years in the Kings Inn and thus secured his B.L. degree.

He secured a position in Paris as correpondent for the Dublin Independent, and then became the motion picture and drama critic in Paris for the Chicago Tribune, where his "by-line" became well-known to American readers in Paris. After a five year sojourn there, he went to New York and worked for the New York Times as foreign affairs critic. Thence, after two years, he went to Los Angeles where he was offered the position of publicity writer for the motion picture "Cavalcade".

But here in Los Angeles, his luck deserted him. He became ill and was unable to continue and, worse still, his funds ran low. He tried to change his luck by coming to San Francisco but

was unable to secure work and was forced to sell Fuller brushes for a living. However, he made good in this line and averaged around one hundred and fifty dollars a month, until the old mirage "the grass on the other side of the hedge is greener" got him and he quit his job to become an insurance agent which line he is still pursuing. But his head is up, and he hopes for better things.

His great ambition now is to migrate to Shanghai, and establish himself as an attorney, or barrister, as he calls it. He is young, has seen life, is gifted, having had published already, two volumes of verse and many stories, and one gets the feeling that, for him, the tide will flow high once more.

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This young fellow was brought into Police Judge Lazarus' court on a charge of vagrancy. He told the judge he had just turned twenty and did not have a job. We talked with him in the corridor of the Hall of Justice and then in a cheap restaurant on Kearney Street.

"My father came to this country from Ireland as a small boy. I heard him tell that he had worked in New York and Chicago as a laborer. He also worked in Butte in the mines during the war and saved enough to bring the family to Los Angeles.

"He worked as a laborer for the Gas Company in Los Angeles for some time. At that time there were seven children; I was thirteen, and the eldest.

"One evening the police came to the house and told my mother father had been killed by a hit-run driver. The federal government buried father at Sawtelle as he was a veteran of the Spanish War. Mother had been unable to save any money on father's small wages. At once she was forced to apply to the local charities for aid.

"The seven children were made wards of the Juvenile Court and mother received twenty dollars a month for the support of each child. With the juvenile aid the family lived better than when father was alive.

"When I became sixteen, aid for me was stopped. I tried to

find a job, but there was no work for a sixteen year old boy. I stayed home for two months after the aid was cut off and, as mother was always after me, to bring in some help, I finally left home.

"In the past four years I have been in almost every state. I would join up with a gang and we would always find some way to get food. I have no idea how many times I have been in jail. I have been home at Christmas a couple of times.

"Aid for my sister, who was next to me in age, was cut off some time ago. She went to work in a family, but did not like it. She is back home and is threatening to run away.

"Yes, I would like to get into the C.C.C., but there are only a few openings and I can't stay home long enough to get in. I sure would like to get into the army. I know I would get enough to eat there.

"No, I haven't any plan for the future. I have no trade, and I don't know how to learn one. Thanks for the grub."

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Born in Cork Ireland - and came to America - when I was 17 years old and my reason for coming was because my people were very poor - and thought I could come to America and do as well as some of the young men. who had left Cork - I learned people in our neighborhood - so I scraped together and came over steerage - and upon my arrival in New York - hunted up some of the young men - who had left home and their addresses I had - well - some were policemen firemen - and some working at different occupations - well these friends of mine - went to the (one)

district manager or ward man as he was called - and he finally got me a job - as a street car conductor on the Grand St line. It was a horse car. I had to say I was twenty one otherwise I would not have gotten the job - but I was near six foot and looked over 21 - I worked on this line for 5 years. There was a gentlemen, who got on my car - every morning - almost - whom I became friendly with. One day he asked me - how I was getting on etc - I told him my wages was small - had a wife and child - and it was hard to make both ends meet - He gave me his card and told me to come and see him - at his office I went to see him - and got a job at

Cable Address
"BELLEVUE"

Hotel Bellevue
GEARY at TAYLOR
San Francisco

(3)

$25.00 per week as shipping clerk — this was a good raise — pay — and it seemed America was my — ~~A~~ dream come true — after being there 3 years — I was advanced to head stock man. we handled — all kinds of cotton piece goods — by being on the sales floor I became acquainted with all our customers — one day I suggested — that we sell out all our old goods — at a sale — this was done — and with very little loss — and my Employer was pleased — and he said he thought I had good selling ability —

(end)

after three nine years - the man who represented us on the Pacific Coast - left us to go to another concern - and it seemed we could not - get the man we wanted to fill his position at once. So I was called into the office and asked to make this one trip to fill in - to say the least I was overjoyed - well I started out - from Maine to the Coast - and the other salesman I soon found out was working in a rut just calling on his old friends I called on all stores - and opened up over 30 new accounts - and did more business on this trip than he ever did - or any (one)

Cable Address
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return to New York - they said they were delighted with my work - and wanted ~~and~~ let me make the next season's trip - and if I did well - I could keep the territory - ~~well~~ I did make the trip and even did better - well I got the territory - and soon was making ten thousand dollars per year. - such was a jump from a street car conductor - after a few more years - it was thought I could even increase this business in volume - if I moved out here and lived on the territory which I did and it ~~pr~~ proved (over)

a good month — and I came here with my family — my wife and two children I bought myself a home and — invested in San Francisco real estate, and things in my business went well for years, + just even before the depression + the sale of fiscal goods by the yard over the retail counters became less and less each year, + the ready-to-wear + wrs + being turned out cheaper and better than it could be made — by either dress maker or home sewing. and finally my concern went out of business. — I was most comfortable — and I put in some money into a dress store — and lost it all. — well I was getting on —

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in years - and had enough to live on - so - I quit business and now lives - after my few holdings my - two children both married and happy - give them a good Education which I never had, and each day - miss it more even though I'm old.

Would like to see the depression over - but it will take years - and taxes will become larger all the time - but where will the people get the money from.

War in Europe - sure they

will always have war's over there — seems in the blood. This fellow Hitler — is a Crack Pot — and I think he has the ambition to be a Napoleon — But he never will be — He wanted be foolish to start a war — for Germany — will be beaten [redacted] — [redacted] and this time the Allies will go into Germany — and Sail it up — It is most amusing to notice what some of the statesman say about Germany having oppressed etc — what do you suppose — they wanted here done had they [redacted] — they wanted here led us all a merry chase —

Jules E Mannberg

It makes little difference in what part of the world one may be, one may still encounter old friends, some of them playmates, others schoolmates and classmates at college. But how pleasant it is to meet old friends and talk over old times, and to relate what had occurred in one's life. Such it was in this instance, and I shall endeavor to repeat what was told me of happenings since we left college. Our lives had been spent in widely separated parts but at practically the same kind of work.

My friend's father, then, was very wealthy. He had been engaged in mining or in stocks. It was intended his son would enter the same work but more particularly as an engineer. To follow that line of work, aside from the classics, he had studied more deeply in the sciences such as mineralogy, geology, etc. His father was a great friend of Cecil Rhodes and secured his boy a bench on his staff. For a few years he was up and down throughout South Africa, prospecting, engineering, and doing all the general work of developing mining. He hoped to take up properties of his own and branch out as many others had done.

How often it is in life, all our hopes, ambitions, and plans are shattered. His father dealt very heavily in "Kaffirs" and when the stocks went to the wall, he lost nearly everything, and the succeeding Boer War cleaned up everything. He died soon afterwards. It was a sad blow to the boy. He had practically no-

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gaged in [illegible] of [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
ter the same work but more [illegible] in an engineer. [illegible] [illegible]
low west line of [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible]
more deeply in the sciences such as mathematics, [illegible], [illegible].
His letter was a great friend of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
a person on his [illegible]. [illegible] a few [illegible] he was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
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[illegible]

thing and could not stay in South Africa, so he decided to migrate to new fields. He chose Canada. It was at that time a new country, and quite difficult to get around. To anyone that was there in those days, this can be readily understood. Again there were few, if any, opportunities. The work was very hard and the surfare very often very great. Provisions were hard to get and needed long trips, which, of course, was mushing and packing everything on one's back. Shooting and fishing were good; that helped a great deal, but the winters were long and hard, and little prospecting or mining could be done. Nevertheless he was moderately successful. There were some chances to dispose of some ground, although the prices paid were not large, and anyone that bought knew they must develop the property with the usual chances of success or failure, and that always needed capital. He moved on west where the country was more thickly settled and travel came and went nearer the coast. But after three or four years with his small capital, he decided to migrate south. Washington and Oregon did not present very much. Mining was not very prolific in either state, and he found nothing that was an outlet for his ability. It was certainly a different life from South Africa. The companies were not large and employed many skilled men. So he came to California. He knew the history quite well; he had worked with many boys from here in South Africa, and the country was most decidedly more attractive. Travel was easier, and the climate much more to

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his liking.

He secured employment with some of the big companies and did quite well. His knowledge and experience helped him. The large mines here were producing heavily and capital was easily secured. In the financial world, at that time, California mining had an excellent reputation. English capital was very easy to acquire. They had been very successful and had made millions. The mines were very rich and the gold easily extracted. The metallicogical process was not difficult. But like so many modern things riches came easily and morals became more lag, atleast to some. London soon found that they were being robbed. No other mining country in the world had more confidence placed on them than on California, and the sly-akers thought they had easy pickings. They were successful for some time, but an end came to that. London shut down and refused to advance any more money. Likewise New York. That made it very hard on some who had been honest. Consequently work and chances became scarce. The respectable element withdrew, and California soon had a very bad name and irrespective of what one might offer for it, it was impossible to interest anyone with capital. California had a very black eye, and the same condition really exists today.

My friend did not wish to lose everything he had gained, and finding it of no advantage to be connected or propose anything from California, he decided to leave, and after many years absence,

go home.

While his capitol was not large, still he could live comfortably and in honorable circumstances across the water. His life had been very eventful in many parts and he has many happy and many sad reminiscences. He was very pleased to think of the many stanch friends he had made and at home today he looks back with a great deal of pleasure, and I believe, intentions of seeing the old parts again.

It makes little difference in what part of the world one may be, one may still encounter old friends, some of them playmates, others schoolmates and classmates at college. But how pleasant it is to meet old friends and talk over old times, and to relate what had occurred in one's life. Such it was in this instance, and I shall endeavor to repeat what was told me of happenings since we left college. Our lives had been spent in widely separated parts but at practically the same kind of work.

My friend's father, then, was very wealthy. He had been engaged in mining or in stocks. It was intended his son would enter the same work but more particularly as an engineer. To follow that line of work, aside from the classics, he had studied more deeply in the sciences such as mineralogy, geology, etc. His father was a great friend of Cecil Rhodes and secured his boy a bench on his staff. For a few years he was up and down throughout South Africa, prospecting, engineering, and doing all the general work of developing mining. He hoped to take up properties of his own and branch out as many others had done.

How often it is in life, all our hopes, ambitions, and plans are shattered. His father dealt very heavily in "Kaffirs" and when the stocks went to the wall, he lost nearly everything, and the succeeding Boer War cleaned up everything. He died soon afterwards. It was a sad blow to the boy. He had practically no-

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This man was encountered in one of the free flop-houses on Harrison Street. He is aleast seventy years of age and his words were a toothless mumble. His eyes are watery and bleary. His clothes hang on his gaunt frame.

He was born in Dublin, Ireland, and stowed away on a sailing ship after his father had died in poverty. At first he was a cabin-boy on the ship, then an A.B. and has been in most of the ports of Asia, Africa and Europe.

On a trip to North America in his nineteenth year, he deserted the ship at Seattle. For a time he worked in Seattle as a laborer. Then he slowly crossed Washington, Idaho and entered Montana, working as a farm hand, flunky in a lumber camp and mucker in a mine.

Reaching Butte he went to work in the mines. Within a few years he was drawing the pay of a hard-rock miner. Close on to forty years he labored in the mines at Butte, Wallace, Burke and Mullen.

From his mumbling, I gathered, he had spent his money on the girls of the red light districts and liquor. When he became too old to longer work in the mines he drifted from farm to farm, working at times without pay and at other places for a few dollars a month.

In his younger days he married, but the woman left him after a short time. She disappeared completely from his life.

He is not a resident of San Francisco, so is not eligible to be taken into the relief home.

His few possessions are carried in a pair of think dirty blankets when he goes on the road.

He is now far beyond the age of usefulness and is unable to find a place where he can work for his board.

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[illegible]

He was born in San Francisco. His father was Irish and his mother Italian. It was the year 1900. Both parents died when he was very young and he was adopted by his father's brother P.J.S___, a policeman in the San Francisco Barbary Coast district. During the graft investigation of 1906, S____ was removed from the police force for grafting. He made plenty of money and by now owned a dozen or so of the smaller hotels in the city. So G____ with his foster brother was sent to a Catholic school for boys in Oregon. After graduating he attended Stanford, graduated, married, and obtained a position with the shipping firm of H____ & Company, a brokerage house. He was very clever, made friends easily and through his work became acquainted business for himself. Shortly after the war a revolution took place in Cuba. F___ owned extensive sugar interests in that country which needed a man on the spot to look after. So he sent G____ as his manager promising him that later he would give him a small bank to manage in an Oregon coast town when he returned. For two years G___ lived in Cuba managing F____'s interests. At the end of that time the revolution had aborted by American marines and G___ returned to San Francisco.

For his work F____ presented him with twenty five thousand dollars and G____ opened a brokerage office.

His progress was phenomenal. The Japanese had invented a process of making pearl necklaces from oyster shells. He purchased thousands of them. In America they sold for as high as thirty dollars. He paid one dollar and fifty cents for them. Then the Mah Jong craze swept the country. The profits on these were just as proportionate. Before he was thirty G____ owned a million dollar business.

Meanwhile his foster brother Harry did not fare so well. He distained education and lacked Owen's finesse and intellect. His father supplied him liberally with money but nevertheless Harry spent it like a drunken sailor. His end came when he with several companions were seen caught holding up a mail truck near first and Mission Streets. He and his companions were soon imprisoned. H____ was let out on bail and fled to London. His companions received twenty five years imprisonment. In London H____ received checks regularly from Owen. For two years all seemed well.

Owen meanwhile was prospering. He purchased an expensive home in Sea Cliff, a Cadillac motor car, another for his wife and hired two maids and a chauffeur. He visited the stock exchange only in the

morning and took advantage of fluxuies in stocks and bonds. The prosperity of the Harding-Coolidge era went to his head like wine. Occasionally he became short of cash in his business. All of his transactions were conducted through the F____ Banks so he became very well acquainted with the cashier and chief clerk. So when he had borrowed on the bills of lading of arriving imports to there limit he needed additional cash these two bank employees devised a system of returning the bills of lading to him at his office. Later he obtained more loans on them the records being changed in the bank and even bills of lading from other firms brought to him on which he obtained additional loans. Soon he illegally owed the bank in excess of a million dollars.

Then the house of cards collapsed. He with two bank clerks were indicted and the screaming headlines of the press announced him as the"San Francisco Ponzi". He retained T____ H____ as attorney, present chief of the Police Commission. However his stellar legal counsel availed him little, as the Federal Secret Service had discovered the trail of checks to London which made him an accessory to the mail robbery. Within a few days of his indictment by the Grand Jury his foster brother was located in London and apprehended

In order to convict Harry a great deal was made between the prosecution and O____ whereby he promised to testify against his foster brother in return for a light sentence on his own case. So H____ was returned to San Francisco and with the aid of O____'s testimony received twenty five years in Leavenworth.

The two bank clerks involved with Owne were sentenced to seven and four years in McNeils Island. O____ received five years with the promise of early parole. A rice mill he owned in Woodland was taken from him. All of his other property excepting his business was left to him by arrangements with F____. Since he was infulential he was sent to Carson City the Nevada State Prison. Here his having testified against his foster brother was known to the other prisoners so he was never placed in the prison yard for fear he would be killed. He was put to work watering the prison lawn.

Immediately upon his arrival he began negotiating for a pardon. A schoolmate of his in the Oregon School was Senator McNary. Senator H___ had been his legal advisor but because of the notoriety of his crime never entered in to any action which could become public. His brother-in-law was judge F____ who tried the H____ case.

In prison he visited by Federal Judge F____ who tried his case. This judge is known to be a narcotic addict. Judge W___ whom O___ personally knew had become a member of Presidnet Hoovers cabinet. He was applied to as well as Senator S____ whose son in San Francisco was an intamate friend of O____'s. However, the Wickersham Crime Commission was in session and O___'s application for a pardon was denied.

However, when it was denied he filed an application for parole. His sponsors in addition to those above mentioned were A M____ general manager of the St. Francis Hotel, Wm. H___, and L S____ president of the California Grape Growers Association. O___ was paroled. Tom Mooney has been in San Quentin eighteen years for a crime of which he is innocent.

IRISH

She was born in north of Englsnd, or Irish parents; one of a family of twenty children reared in Glasgow, Scotland. Her parents were of Catholic faith, and she remembers her father fighting many a battle with men of Protestant faith over their religion. The father earned a living for their family as a miner. She had very little schooling as a girl, and while very young, along with other sisters of her family, went to work to help out at home, for well to do families usually as a maid or just general housework. Her father died when she was thirteen years of age; this made it very hard for the family to get along and those of them who were employed turned over nearly all they earned to their mother.

One of her brothers was a Captain in the English army and fought in the war. He was in charge of a company of men, who in an engagement were all wiped out, except he and four others. On returning to England a rather lengthy explanation was demanded of him by the British Government, regards this engagement, to determine who was at fault for such a slaughter having occured. Due to this controversy he was detained in London for several days, not being allowed to visit his home. His mother was very ill at the time but members of their family thought it best not to tell him, as he had troubles enough of his own, so on returning home he found his mother had died. This was a great shock to him, on top of the trouble he had already been through, so he remained at home only a week and then took a boat sailing for the United States, to visit a friend in Boston.

By this time the children were pretty well grown. This girl was sixteen now and just a few days after her brother had sailed, she and an older sister decided to come to America. They hurriedly got their things together, packed their baggage and put up enough lunch to last them all the way across the Atlantic, and in just one week after their brother had sailed, they were on a boat bound for New York. They also helped another lady, who had four children, financially and also with eats, to come with them. This lady had a husband in Brooklyn, but it seemed he wasn't doing any to well and his wife thought if she were with him, he would be able to do better. They arrived in New York, and it was true this lady's husband wasn't doing any too well, as he had to borrow the carfare to come and meet them at the boat. They all went over to Brooklyn the day they arrived. The two sisters called on some relatives, who had earlier come from England. At dinner they were each served with a scant piece of fish, and these sisters decided right now that they didn't much like the way the people in America ate, so the very next morning they rented a flat, bought second hand furniture and started housekeeping on their own.

Even though they were in a large, strange city they didn't find time to get lonely for two days after they had furnished up the flat, the lady, her husband and four children moved in, also another couple they had met on the boat. This didn't go on very long before the funds got low.

The elder sister went over to New York and got a job, leaving her young sister to foot the bills for the crowd, not even coming home to see how they were getting on. This girl was down to her last dollar so she went to New York to look for work. All she had done in the old country was housework, so she went over on Fifth Ave. and started out. She mer with little success however, not having any new York reference. Toward evening she found a lady who decided to give her a week's trial. She kept the job for six months and being green they almost worked her to death. One day she met an Englishman who had a hotel, and after telling him her story, he gave her a job as waitress in his hotel. She found this to be an easy job, she earned what she thought was very good money and she stayed with this job for over a year.

She went around but very little while in New York. As she was quite young and had extremely rosy cheeks, most of the people she met there teased her about her red cheeks. Due to this and being rather shy she contented herself by going to an occasional show and spending the remainder of her time in her quarters. Her sister had been working all this time and between them they had saved quite a little money. They had relatives in the mining district of Pennsylvania, so one day her sister persuaded her to quit her job and go to visit with them. She soon tired of the mining camps, so she went to Philadelphia and found work as a waitress, this time in a restaurant. Not being contented

here she decided to go back to New York. Sood after she learned that her childhood sweetheart had come out from England and was working the the coal mines in Pennsylvania. He came over to New York several times to visit her and finally persuaded her to go back to Pennsylvania with him. About two months later they were married. She and her sister were married the same week. The sister and her husband went back to England and have never returned. She had quarreled with her sister over money matters, and since that time she has never written her.

After five years in the Pennsylvania mining district she and her husband and their two children moved to Colorado, where her husband was employed in the mines. Two more children were born here and at times they went thru sever hardships. They were in the big strike, when the State troops were called out, and miners were ordered from their homes with their families. Several miners were shot and one woman, about to be confined was driven from her home at the point of a gun and finally shot thru the stomach. After the strike was over her husband went back to work in the mines, but during the next winter he died and she was left with four little children to care for.

She managed to leave Colorado and went to Salt Lake City. Here she found work as a waitress and earned sufficient money to care for her children and herself. She lived in Salt Lake several years, married again, later moving to San Diego,

California. Here she bought a restaurant and did well, while her husband had a good job on the boats sailing up and down the coast. He finally gave up going to sea. They sold out in San Diego and moved to Oakland where he found a good job. They were divorced later. During the war, she went into the chicken business and made ten thousand dollars in one year, then sold the ranch at a good profit. She invested in an apartment house and other real estate, and kept making money until the depression came along, since then she has lost money. She lost fifty-five thousand dollars on one house alone. She still has one apartment house, a home in Piedmont, and several other parcels of property. She is greatly in debt, but still has an abundance of that Irish courage to carry on.

IRISH

"I was born in the north of Ireland in 1879, was one of the family of seven children, four boys and three girls. When I was seven years old my father moved our family to Glasgow, Scotland, He was a coal miner and worked at this trade all his life. I attended school until I became fourteen years of age. then I had to join my two older brothers, doing what ever work we could find. We wanted to help earn a living for our family.

"When I was nineteen years old I got a job with the Glasgow traction Company in the electric power house. Then I became a motorman on one of the trolley lines. In 1904, I went to Liverpool, England, where I worked on both trolley cars and busses for seven years. A strike was called and after the strike I could not find work in England.

"I went to Canada, this was in 1911, and secured a good job there working for an electric power company. When I resigned, I was in charge of the plant. I liked the working conditions in Canada, this weather was very cold and I did not like the winters.

"In 1913, I was married to a Scotch-Irish girl and we came to California to make our home. We have been in

Oakland for twenty two years. I have worked as a motorman on Oakland street cars for over twenty years. For several years working conditions were so that we could save a good deal of money and during that time we bought and paid for two homes. One of these houses we rent and the other we use for our home. Most all the other money we saved was invested in stocks, and we have taken a big loss in all the stocks that we invested in.

"We have one girl sixteen years old, who is in high-school. She is a good student and besides her studies at school, she is taking lessons on the piano.

"I like my native country in many ways, but I don't think it offers the opportunity that America does for the working man. I have been an American citizen for a good many years now, and don't ever expect to leave California, except for a trip, but I would like to spend a few months in the British Isles if ever I can afford it.

"I, like most other people, have been affected by depression, still I have had a job all the while. My loss has been thru stock investments that I made during better times. Now, most of our losses are thru taxes, I think that our taxes are entirely to high.

"We don't have much recreation, except for a picture show now and then, during the summer months we go to the beach. Our daughter enjoys swimming and for myself, I

like to play cards. We have card games, on the average of two nights a week, in our home."

Born in Longford, Ireland, in 1886, H. was the third son in a family of seven. His father was employed by the government as a tax collector and although his position was considered a good one, he barely made enough for the wants of his large family.

H. attended public school and when he was twelve years old, he was the only son remaining at home, his brothers having left for the United States to join an uncle in Boston.

When H. was fifteen years of age his father sent him to Dublin where a position had been secured for him as a messenger-clerk in a law office. His wages were practically nil but his father, also his brothers, sent him money from time to time and he was able to get along without trouble, attending law school at night. After three years, H. decided that his future chances in Dublin were not very bright so he decided to join his brothers in Boston.

He received a ticket from his brother and in 1905 sailed from Queenstown, after a visit to his family at Longford. He arrived at New York and went immediately to Boston when he got work as a clerk in the Public Works department of the city.

In 1906, he read of the big fire in San Francisco and decided that prospects should be good there. He left Boston in July, 1906, and arrived at San Francisco, getting work immediately in the legal department of a transcontinental railway. Working in the daytime and attending law school at night, he was able to pass the

bar examinations in 1915, the year in which he received his citizenship papers.

He was drafted into the army in 1918 and served six months in France. He was able to visit his family before returning to America to open his own law office, with his former boss in the railway position.

H. has been very successful in his profession and is still maintaining law offices, which he very rarely uses, owing to the other interests with which he is connected. He has held two public officers and is a very prominent and influential citizen, in San Francisco. He has never married, but has brought his entire family to San Francisco. He lives with his mother, father, and a sister in a beautiful residence on the peninsula.

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H. has been very successful in his profession and is still maintaining law offices, which he very rarely uses, owing to the other interests with which he is connected. He has held two public officers and is a very prominent and influential citizen, in San Francisco. He has never married, but has brought his entire family to San Francisco. He lives with his mother, father, and a sister in a beautiful residence on the peninsula.

Born in Longford, Ireland, in 1886, H. was the third son in a family of seven. His father was employed by the government as a tax collector and although his position was considered a good one, he barely made enough for the wants of his large family.

H. attended public school and when he was twelve years old, he was the only son remaining at home, his brothers having left for the United States to join an uncle in Boston.

When H. was fifteen years of age his father sent him to Dublin where a position had been secured for him as a messenger-clerk in a law office. His wages were practically nil but his father, also his brothers, sent him money from time to time and he was able to get along without trouble, attending law school at night. After three years, H. decided that his future chances in Dublin were not very bright so he decided to join his brothers in Boston.

He received a ticket from his brother and in 1905 sailed from Queenstown, after a visit to his family at Longford. He arrived at New York and went immediately to Boston when he got work as a clerk in the Public Works department of the city.

In 1906, he read of the big fire in San Francisco and decided that prospects should be good there. He left Boston in July, 1906, and arrived at San Francisco, getting work immediately in the legal department of a transcontinental railway. Working in the daytime and attending law school at night, he was able to pass the

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IRISH

M. was born in County Fermanagh, Ireland, in 1901. He came to America in 1922. He has many relatives in this city and came directly here. He had no trouble finding work and has never been for a long period of time out of a job. He is a laborer, and an intelligent man, and speaks better English than the average American. He has no ambitions for anything higher than track laying, trucking or ordinary pick and shovel work. He took a civil service examination in 1927, for a street car motorman, but failed to pass. At present he is working for the Gas Company as a laborer.

He intends to return to Ireland, not because that country is more prosperous than America at present, but because he is just plainly lonesome for the hills of home. The whole trouble with M. is that he came to this country when he was too old. He has never become exactly used to America, he likes it but does not feel at home here. What he needs is a slower tempo; to live and work in the slam bang mode of American life, while exactly suited to many of his countrymen, is not for him. M. has made few friends here, even among his own people. He is to old for the young, wise-cracking, American born Irishman, and to young for the old people who were born in Ireland.

Although he is of immense stature, he is a gentle, silent soul. This is the reason, I think, he prefers laboring jobs. He can do his work without talk, in a certain solitude of his own.

I have known for many years, Mr. M., and I cannot remember when he hasn't talked of returning to Ireland. But he never does. All his relatives are here except his father, who is in the old peoples home in Dublin. M has always contributed to his fathers support. I have an idea that M is a bit afraid, if he returned to Ireland, he would feel less at home than he does here.

His stay is merely that of an immigrant to America, who had a lot of established relatives here before he came. He did not have to hunt a job or build himself a business, jobs were procured for him. He has had a rather easy time.

IRISH

X. is an Irish immigrant from the Province of Connaught. Born in 1886, he came over to the United States about 1910. His parents owned a small farm on which X. worked until 1910. He was the eldest of three children. He had no special reason for leaving home, but felt that he wanted to see a bit of the world, and that he'd be able to "do much better in the United States than in the old country."

He left home with several hundred dollars in his pockets, given to him by his parents. This money, he later returned. X. landed in New York and struck up with a traveling contractor who was working on Eastern Summer resorts and estates. He worked for this man during his first summer in the country. When winter came, he went to work in a railroad machine shop in Maine, as a machinist's helper. He stayed at this several months, then went to Boston, where he worked, first, again as a machinist's helper, and then as guard or gateman on the Boston elevated transport system. He worked at this job several years; then he married an Irish immigrant girl. He decided to take a trip for a honeymoon, and wound up in San Francisco, where he decided to stay. A few days after his arrival , he went to the Market Street Railway Company and two days thereafter began working as a car platform man. He was with the Market Street Railway Company for several years, until 1917, at the time of the big strike. He went out on the strike, and stayed out several months. Then he went to work for the

Municipal Street car system. After a few years on the Municipal cars, he got into the San Francisco Fire Department, and has been there ever since. The heaviest drawing card seems to have been the high pension in view at the end.

X. took out citizenship papers shortly after his arrival. He was not drafted in 1917, being already the father of several children. X. is the father of five children, in all. The eldest being about 19 years of age. He is, of course, a Catholic. His children have attended, or are attending, Catholic Schools.

X. considers America "the land of opportunity" even today. He is especially enthusiastic about the opportunities open in the way of education. At the same time, he thinks something is wrong with the Educational System, especially in the way of "New-Fangled" methods. The kids don't seem to learn as much as they might, and it seems to be pretty hard for poor children to get very far, while the sons and daughters of the rich go to college and loaf away their time. The "land of opportunity" is also the land of too many "overly-rich", but Mr. X. is one hundred percent American, for all that.

X. was very much interested in the University of California football team, and quite disappointed when I wasn't able to give him the "low-down" on the situation. He thought it "a dirty shame" that Ingram couldn't produce anything better, when he had the finest material in the world to work with; was in the "Finest University in the World", etc., etc.,

Ideologically, very much that of John Doe, U. S. A.

IRISH

She was born in County Mayo, Ireland in the year 1888, the third child in the family, the two older ones being boys. She started school when she was six years old. The school was half a mile away. She was taught reading, writing, arithmetic and a little history. School was from nine until three with one hour for lunch. Before and after school she milked cows, planted vegetables, reaped the harvest, and gathered vegetables. She went to school about eight years. English was spoken in the schoolroom, and Gaelic was spoken in the home.

When she was thirteen her mother died, and she had to take care of the family which consisted of about seven brothers and sisters.

She sailed for America on August 1, 1903, landing in New York, she stayed there a few days, and arrived in San Francisco August 19, 1903. After a few months, she did domestic work from 1903 until 1916. In 1916 she entered the City Hospital in Sacramento to train for nursing. In 1919 she graduated, and worked in the nursing profession until the fall of 1925.

In 1925 she married a native of her own country. She has two children, a girl and a boy, aged eight and six respectively. Both children were Caesarian births, and both are well and healthy, and unusally well developed. After each child she had complications. After the first birth she had facial paralysis. After the

second birth she had inflamation of the veins. She had been well and healthy all her life. Both children are attending school.

Her husband is a municipal employee, and has been kept on during the depression. In 1932 and 1933 his salary was reduced 10% and in 1934 it was reduced 5%. They lost their investments in the depression, but they still own their own home.

She took out her first citizenship papers in 1917, but did not take out her final papers until 1922.

She does not think that things are better than in 1929. The only thing is that since people are on relief there is not so much grief, and that the health of the children has improved.

She likes the accomodations and opportunities of the United States, but prefers the civilization and ideals of Ireland.

If she had money she would like to go back to Ireland and live, but she thinks that there is more chance for working people in America.

IRISH

The attitude of the young Irishman coming to America, M. pointed out to me, is different from that of the emigrant from any other country. Whether he has been born in County Antrim, Donegal, or Kerry, he has from his earliest days come to look upon America, not so much as a foreign country that will be new and strange to him should he ever come here, but as a place always ready to receive him with open arms. He knows the history of America; he knows the history of his ancestors that fought for America and helped build the country; he knows the stories of his relatives who have made a success here, and he has listened to the tales of Irish emigrants who have returned to the old country for a brief stay, and incidentally he has noticed they were well supplied with money. Always in the young Irishman's mind was the idea that someday he would come to America. It seemed the most natural thing in the world to do.

This was for times in the past, in his day. At present Ireland is beginning to come into its own. There the world wide depression has touched lightly if at all. Usually the Irishman came to America alone, there were no moving of whole families to this country, as is often true of emigrants of other nations.

As for M, he came to America when he was twenty-two, in the year 1903. He had a cousin in New York that had a good

position in the city Government and he had an uncle that owned a saloon in San Francisco. Behind him in Ireland he left his father, mother, three sisters and two brothers. They were on a farm in County Leitrim. When M reached New York his cousin secured him a position in an accountant's office. But M was over six feet tall and weighed 190 lbs, and pushing a pen over musty books didn't set well with him. Any way the pay was small and instead of being able to send money over to his family who sorely needed it; he had all he could do to take care of himself.

A friend of M's was in Goldfield, Nevada, working in the mines. He wrote M. of the high wages he was receiving, and the life of the mining camps. So in 1905 M. threw down his pen; left New York and came to Goldfield. The new and wild life of the mining camps was a revelation to him, and greatly to his liking. Everything moved swiftly, living was high but so were wages, and opportunities to make money were on all sides. M. had got in on the ground floor of a great mining boom; he took full advantage of it, and made money on his wildest dreams. At first he mucked in the mines for a salary, but soon he gave this up. He went prospecting and staked out claims and sold them; he bought into an old mine, started working it and sold it; he bought and sold mining stock, everything he touched at this time whether it was to his business sense or the fact that money was loose and everybody gambled he cannot say, but anyway he made money, a great deal of it. He stayed in Nevada until 1915.

In 1914 he was married and two weeks after his marriage his wife was thrown from a horse and killed. The ~~the~~ old places in Nevada he knew so well began to pall on him. He went to Reno bought out a restaurant and sold it in two months. he came to Sacramento stayed there for sometime and then moved on to this city. This was in 1915, M was thirty-four and had about twenty five thousand dollars, and in 1915 that was a lot of money. He bought a half interest in his uncle's saloon and later bought out two smaller saloons near the fair grounds. M. didn't make a great deal of money from the saloons. He says he had too many of them. So when the war came and afterwards in 1919 with prohibition it looked as though he would be left holding the sack.

His uncle was old and discouraged and M. who thought prohibition would be only a matter of months, bought him out. His two smaller saloons proved to be white elephants on his hands. He could not sell them, so he let them go and gave the stock away to friends. The larger place he kept, keeping the bar but changing it into a short order restaurant. Through the long years of hectic prohibition M. ran his place as a restaurant never stooping to break the law and sell liquor, yet he made money. His place became an institution of downtown San Francisco, with a good steady trade. Now that prohibition is over M. is selling liquor and his bank roll increases monthly.

Long ago M. brought his whole family to San Francisco. He gave his brothers and sisters good education, and one sister

has a responsible position. One of his brothers works for M in his saloon. The others have no position as yet and are unable to find any. All in all M. has had rather an easy time in America. It really has been a land of opportunity for him. Of course the climax of his career here really came back in 1905, when he left New York to go to the Nevada mining camps. Since then it has been rather clear sailing except for the coming of prohibition.

Although M. has for many years, been an American business man, he is still the mining man at heart. Those wild free days in Goldfield and Tonapah left their mark on him as is very evident in his manner and conversation. He is a kindly man yet very brusque and aggressive. He says if there was a great mining boom anywhere in America at this time, he would leave his brother in charge of his saloon and away he'd go. Although he is fifty-three years old now, he still likes the old hard life of adventure. Money doesn't mean so much to him, now that he has it.

I was born in Londonerry, Ireland. I came to America because several of the young men who left our city seemed to be making a good living and were doing well. Since I could not see much future at home for me I also decided to come to America.

I arrived in New York where I had several friends there, but could not get much work to do. I worked for a grocery store, getting very poor pay for long hours. I wrote to a friend of mine in San Francisco who told me to come to that city. He, knowing I did not have much money, said I could live with him and his wife and I accepted. He thought it would be a good idea for me to become a policeman or a fireman, from which some day I could get a pension. Certainly I thought this not such a high ambition.

Meanwhile, after putting in my application, which, of course, would take time to be considered, especially for a so-called greenhorn, I did odd jobs and saved a bit. Finally I got a chance to help out as a porter in one of the big hotels here and after a few months got steady work there. It payed very well. I handled baggage, met nice people, and finally had a sort of clientele who always asked for me. After a few years, I had a letter saying that my application for a job as police officer had been accepted, but I answered the letter saying that I was not interested in being an officer any more because I was earning three times the money an officer could earn.

I am happy to say I have earned lots of money and saved a goodly sum; bought a home and it is all paid for; married; have reared three children. I am glad these days that I saved my money because with the changed conditions in travelling, I don't make enough to take care of myself. My children, who are all working, want me to stop work but I would be too lonesome. I am fortunate, too, that I never speculated. I always bought government bonds, telephone bonds, and deposited in savings banks.

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this country, and therefore in favor of it.

How are farmers? Common sense makes money in any age or are
degenerating, who can not make an income, or a fair living. My un-
ii uncle has passed up, who never had a job of work in his life
or small local, plus lucky wife, for that a great deal in this-
city had one of the barrels and other things. Yes, we had got
land from a place. [illegible] and time choose more
given to others, the right minded the [illegible], some are
by difference [illegible] called to a lot of, we also [illegible] the
consumed to lead so many as can to [illegible] from [illegible] way.
I certainly was good money [illegible] [illegible]. We [illegible]
have when we don't [illegible] the [illegible]. We can see by [illegible] a-
[illegible] of [illegible] is not [illegible] me.

The change come when the [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible]
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Into San Francisco's parks each day come many of the city's babes attended by their nurses. Their hours of attendance are so regular that their "parking" spot is automatically reserved for them. Miss. C. accompanied by her little three year old charge always took the bench by the mound of yellow blossoms. Her youngster then looks over the occupants of the various benches and proceeds to make a personal call on those with whom she has made friends, pockets are searched for the watch that is always there, the pictures on the tobacco packages are examined and sometimes a new plaything is found. Miss., trying to keep her attention on the child, and at the same time on a book, sits complacently. Circumstances, evolving about her immaculately and expensively, though simply and in good taste, dressed babe, bring Miss C. to attention -- Miss. must look at the little wooly dog which represents a purse, though anything so practical is no concern of the child -- it is just a dog to her. Miss C. is easily drawn into conversation as she takes her place on the stranger's bench.

Born in Limerick, Ireland, twenty-three years ago, brought up in the Catholic faith and receiving a good education, this nice looking girl came to the United States in 1930. Her father is a pig breeder and comfortably fixed. Miss C. came to this country, ostensibly to visit a married cousin. She sailed from Cobb, Ireland, and landed in New York, taking the train directly to San Francisco.

Though Miss C.'s father is well fixed, Miss C. desired to pay her own way in this country if possible. She entered one of the hospitals and for four years studied medical theories as applied to nursing and took care of the ailing and sick according to the hospital routine. Today, she has been out of the hospital for one year and has found absolutely no opportunity to use her training as a nurse and as an alternative to accepting a home with her cousin, she has taken a position as child's nurse in a well-to-do family. Her duty is the little girl who seems to be exceptionally well cared for and at the same time, to be very fond of her nurse. She has held this position for six months and the confinement and lack of social activity is getting very much on the young lady's nerves and by the first of this coming year, she is planning to leave this position -- her one desire for the moment, is to return to Ireland and her folks. Miss C. is very well dressed and obviously receives some money from home, though she is rather hesitant about asking them to send her funds for her return. She is extremely young looking and for that reason, it may account for her obtaining a permanent and lucrative position for which she has trained. Miss. C.'s plans for the future are a bit uncertain; she only realizes that she is unhappy and that the things which she has typified as "life" are passing her by. She has a vague idea that she may reenter training and take the examination that will qualify her as a registered nurse, though she realizes that

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Into San Francisco's parks each day come many of the city's babes attended by their nurses. Their hours of attendance are so regular that their "parking" spot is automatically reserved for them. Miss. C. accompanied by her little three year old charge always took the bench by the mound of yellow blossoms. Her youngster then looks over the occupants of the various benches and proceeds to make a personal call on those with whom she has made friends, pockets are searched for the watch that is always there, the pictures on the tobacco packages are examined and sometimes a new plaything is found. Miss., trying to keep her attention on the child, and at the same time on a book, sits complacently. Circumstances, evolving about her immaculately and expensively, though simply and in good taste, dressed babe, bring Miss C. to attention -- Miss. must look at the little wooly dog which represents a purse, though anything so practical is no concern of the child -- it is just a dog to her. Miss C. is easily drawn into conversation as she takes her place on the stranger's bench.

Born in Limerick, Ireland, twenty-three years ago, brought up in the Catholic faith and receiving a good education, this nice looking girl came to the United States in 1930. Her father is a pig breeder and comfortably fixed. Miss C. came to this country, ostensibly to visit a married cousin. She sailed from Cobb, Ireland, and landed in New York, taking the train directly to San Francisco.

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her very youthful appearance belies the seriousness of the profession which she has entered and her ability to accept it efficiently.

More than seventy years ago, there came to California from the moss covered hills of County Sligo, Ireland, a little immigrant girl of thirteen years. Red cheeked, bright lipped, buxom and handsome, but illiterate, unread, nevertheless sprightly, high spirited and bubbling over with life and ambition. The other day they held a requiem high mass for Margaret Duggan. At eighty-three her life career was ended and her body was laid away in the little churchyard. Time's clock had run down but the memory of "Aunt Maggie" as she was known will continue for at least another generation in the Bay area where her familiar figure was known to many and her kind deeds served to brighten many a life.

Incidentally an apartment house and a hotel today stand in San Francisco as monuments to her business acumen, and she left behind her a long list of charities and benefactions, good deeds which were carried out without publicity or acclaim, but which nevertheless leave a void where once "Aunt Maggie" stood as a bulwark between despair and happiness.

She was a poor immigrant when she came to California and her first job was as a dishwasher and general maid of all work in a hotel at Merced. Her mother who came to America with her died when she had been in this country but two years and she was left to her own resources. She continued for years in the hotel at Merced, until suddenly a change in management eliminated her

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When Maggie Duggan met her prospective employer, she found that he was a widower with two children, and decided it would be impossible for her to remain there alone in that cabin with a man. She was a good girl, was Maggie, and her ethics did not make provision for living in any such comprising situation that scandal might be linked with her name.

The rancher also saw her dilemma and after spreading dinner for her, offered to drive her many miles to the nearest neighbor. On this expedition he compromised matters by offering marriage. So the next day the couple of twelve hours' acquaintance, became man and wife. They were wedded by a priest and Maggie Duggan became Mrs. Tom Flynn. Besides the two children of the widower, Mrs. Flynn gave birth to two sons of her own, William and John, and when after fourteen years Tom Flynn died, her family had progressed to the extent that Patrick, Flynn's oldest son had set out in the world for himself and Catherine the daughter was married.

Maggie was again on her own, only this time she had two stalwart boys and an inheritance of about $5,000 with which to face the world, she was a farmer more than anything else and with her boys she determined to get a piece of land and start afresh.

Sacramento Valley attracted her and it was here that she purchased a large tract of bottom land and began raising garden truck for the city markets. She hired Chinese labor and launched into the market gardening on a large scale and was so successful that when her boys became of age she was enabled to sell the farm for $5,500 and bring the two young men with her to San Francisco and set them up in business.

She knew little of city ways and nothing whatever of reality values, yet she came to San Francisco immediately after the fire and earthquake and spread her capital in real estate investments, buying up ruins in the north side of the city, clearing them and selling off the lots. She found the business profitable and made her first heavy investment when she erected a hotel near Stockton Street. This too, proved successful, so she bought more lots nearby and a few years ago constructed thereon a first class apartment house.

Both houses were married and have now sons and daughters of their own. William is not one of the chief executives of San Francisco milling property and John is heavily interested in one of the big San Francisco Bay transportation lines.

"Ah, they're find, byes, those byes o' mine", Maggie was often heard to boast when the neighbors asked her about her family and her grandchildren were generously spoiled by the old lady who was overjoyed when she could have the children around her. And

she would tell them marvelous stories of the times she had when she was young.

It was at about the time of her paralytic attack that burglars got into her home and escaped with more than $20,000 in cash. It was just another incident in her life. Did she mourn or fret about the loss of her money? She did not. She was less concerned than any member of her household and the money was never recovered. She merely set about making more money.

When automobiles became the vogue, she bought one for her son. She rode in it twice. Thereafter she declared that automobiles were for young people and much too exciting for one of her years. She preferred her horses and carriage. She loved her radio, but placed more store by her old Victrola where she would sit for hours and play dozens of records from the forgotten music hall hits of her youth.

Maggie Flynn never forgot her church. Born a Catholic, she was devout in her faith and contributed lavishly to church and charities. Her purse was ready for every demand upon it. School children were provided with shoes, families were fed, rents were often cancelled.

In her will Aunt Maggie provided for all of her grandchildren as well as for her sons. There was enough for all, the little red cheeked dishwasher from County Sligo had lived a full life, amassed a fortune, raised two successful sons and a large group of grandchildren and passed on to her reward, her life had held no dull moment.

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J. was born in Dublin, Ireland in the year 1904 but came to America with his father and mother and two older sisters when he was two years of age. His father intended coming directly to San Francisco but the earthquake and fire scared him out and he remained in New York. There he supported the family by stevedoring, driving trucks and other general work along the docks. J's knowledge of work on the New York docks in those days comes from remembered talks with his father. Evidently longshoring was a rather tragic hit or miss proposition with the workers at the mercy of the gang boss. J. remembers that at times money was quite plentiful, at times the pickings were slim indeed.

In 1910 J's father moved his family to San Francisco. J. started in grammar school, and his father went to work on the docks. The family was happy and contented. J's father belonged to a union--the I.L.A.--and he had fairly steady work during this time, far steadier than in New York. During the war his father went to work in the ship yards where he made fifteen dollars a day. When the Armistice was signed he returned to stevedoring but things were not the same. Conditions on the waterfront had changed for the worse, as far as the laborer was concerned. Open shop conditions prevailed. Open shop, J. says, appears at first glance to the average person as being a good and fair way of hiring men. In reality it works just the opposite. It gives the em-

J. was born in Dublin, Ireland in the year 1908 and came to America with his father and mother and two older sisters when he was two years of age. His father returned coming directly to New York also but the mothers and two sisters died. One was left remained in New York. Since he has reared the family by steveder-ing, driving trucks and other jobs. I work along the docks. He's knowledge of work on the New York docks in those days comes from remembered talks with his father. Although longshoring was a rather tough job he was proud of his work on the docks at the time of the gang wars. J. remembers what to other money was quite valuable, so did the longshore work also.

In 1920 J's father moved his family to San Francisco. J. started in junior school, and he started work to help on the farm. His family was really poor. J's income contrasts to a million--he i.e. --was to was really proud. He loving his time, his associated then in New York. Having to the Ground Sis to work in the city, could where to make a decent living day. When the Ground Sis was finished he was engaged in connection to construction work. Wages were not the same. Conditions on the construction work changed for the worse, as far as the security and conditions. Jim also complained. Overtime. Much more, i.e. wage, employers so little ganance to the average person as long a good job for ship-ping men. In reality it works just the opposite. I believe the em-

ployer, the gang boss, the foreman, the sole power of hiring whoever he wishes at whatever wage he can make acceptable. On the docks where a strong back is a first requisite and necessary skill is easily acquired, J. states, the open shop is "murder".

Favoritism in hiring men becomes a common thing--steady workers see drifters take their jobs for a short while and then move on. And as the city is usually filled with wanderers, especially the waterfront, this is a continual menace. The father's working days and nights became few and far between. The money they had saved from the shipyard work was soon gone, and they faced actual starvation with no S.E.R.A. or W.P.A. or any other source of aid. But somehow they muddled through. J's sisters were old enough to work now and both got jobs as nursemaids. This, with the father's casual work, kept the family going. In 1922 his father suddenly died. J. was just eighteen and finishing grammar school. He explains the length of time he took to go through the elementary grades by stating there were years he didn't attend at all.

Like his father J. went to work on the docks. A friend got him into a good gang and work was steady for a time. J. says around 1922 it was important what gang one worked in. The I.L.A. had faded away almost to nothing and hiring was in the hands of the employers and their foremen. The shifts were formed at the docks; the method being for the men to appear on the docks and be chosen by the gang bosses. Of course this, as it always had

in the past, led to difficulties. Favoritism was rife; petty graft was the order of the day; the regular longshoremen living in the city and supporting their families suffered by watching migratory workers take their jobs. Was the pay ever split between selected men and the gang bosses? J. merely shrugged. He never donated but it was commong knowledge wanderings laborers, eager for a few days' work, often split their pay. Anything went in those days and some of the things were pretty raw. The only organization at the time was a San Francisco union known among the men as the "Blue Book". J. belonged to this organization. He said it was necessary at the time to get jobs. All he cared about was the job and whatever helped him to get it was O.K. by him. He grows rather heated now at the mention of the "Blue Book", since become on a par with other delicate appellations longshoremen carelessly toss around among themselves. But then, yes, it was necessary. J. had to work to support his mother and sometimes his sisters--so what of it? He learned how to swing a hook with the best of them and to handle the toughest cargoes with the strongest of them.

J. never paid any attention to the type of cargoes he worked on. To him it was merely a ship to load or unload and whether the cargo consisted of bananas, creosote, explosives or silk, it was only a job for which he would be paid a certain amoung of money at the end of the shift. Was the pay ever delayed? Not very often.

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The longshoremen might stand for many things but they howled long and loud when their pay wasn't on the docks. At the question what constituted straight work and overtime, J. sneered. Anything in the twenty-four hour day was straight time--anything outside of it was overtime.

J. worked on and around the docks until 1930. During those years there were many fights, many walk-outs, many sympathy strikes, but they were all of a rather hopeless character and when over conditions were as bad as before. Beginning in 1929 work began to be scarce, jobs were at a premium. Employers blamed it on the depression but J. says there were just as many ships docking and as far as he could see, more workers. The Embarcadero was crammed with unemployed and they were easy to hire, too easy for the regular longshoremen who had no say in the matter. Many were laid off, J. among them. J. states it wasn't a sudden discharge as in many industries, but a gradual fading away of their jobs. Out of habit and because they had no place else to go the men still gathered daily at the docks, hoping to be selected. J. came with the rest of them and either because he was a good worker or just lucky he managed to pull down a couple of days' work a week and help support his family. But the attitude of the employers grew harsher. Using the excuse of trying to spread work J. says they hired men who would work for almost nothing. The waterfront was in a turmoil, a turmoil that was unseen

[illegible] night school for many things and they learned long and hard when their day work's on the doors. At the ginnery [illegible] work and overtime, e. g. [illegible] hoeing in the [illegible] -- one hour day [illegible] -- [illegible] outside of in the overtime.

I. worked on and around the looms until 1900. During those years there were many fights, many walk-outs, many sympathy strikes, but they were all of a rather [illegible] character and when over something were as bad as before. Beginning in 1900 work began to be scarce, jobs were at a premium. Employers planned it on the [illegible] but e. g. days there were just as many shops closing and as hard as in south [illegible], more strikes. The enterprises were crowded with unemployed and they were ready to strike, the only for the highest long [illegible] who had no say in the market. Many work lasted [illegible], e. g. [illegible]. e. [illegible] is [illegible] discourage as in any industry, in a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] short job. Off in [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to go the men [illegible] [illegible] in the room, hoping to be [illegible] ed. 4. Even when the [illegible] [illegible] either [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] worker or just lucky he managed to pull down a [illegible] [illegible] wage' work a week and well support his family. But the [illegible] the employer gave [illegible]. Taking the [illegible] of [illegible] to [illegible] work e. g. they [illegible] for which [illegible] [illegible] ing. The weaverkins was in a [illegible], a [illegible] [illegible]

and for a time unfelt but bitter and threatening none the less. Early in 1933 the I.L.A., to which his father had belonged, once more began to grow in membership and become a power on the coast. J. joined. He said his first reason, of course, was to get steady work but again he wanted to see what a union not dominated by employers would or could do.

Now J. began to take an interest in many things that were old and yet new to him. He had worked for years on the docks through long hours and under rotten conditions, yet he had never complained. But this does not mean that he had never thought of his grievances. What he had not done was actually to put those grievances into words. Now he began to think a bit. Decasualization, hiring halls, what constituted straight time, limitation of hours, difference in cargoes, bulk--all these became interesting subjects for J's thoughts and conversation. He still worked sometimes and his wages together with the small amount flung at them by the Charities, enabled J's family to exist. On the last day of April 1934 a strike was called by the I.L.A. This was after weeks of negotiations between the association and the shipowners had failed. J. doesn't say much of the longshoremen's strike or the general sympathy strike that tied up San Francisco's industries from the sixteenth to the twentieth of July. He is still bitter. He says it will take a long time to wipe out the memories of the militia and the shootings and all the other desperate mea-

sures taken by some of our best politicians to crush the strike. But he states the longshoremen won out. Though conditions aren't ideal on the waterfront still men are being given fairly steady work and J. says he can look forward to a regular salary. He has been off the charities for many months.

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Favoritism in hiring men becomes a common thing--steady workers see drifters take their jobs for a short while and then move on. And as the city is usually filled with wanderers, especially the waterfront, this is a continual menace. The father's working days and nights became few and far between. The money they had saved from the shipyard work was soon gone, and they faced actual starvation with no S.E.R.A. or W.P.A. or any other source of aid. But somehow they muddled through. J's sisters were old enough to work now and both got jobs as nursemaids. This, with the father's casual work, kept the family going. In 1922 his father suddenly died. J. was just eighteen and finishing grammar school. He explains the length of time he took to go through the elementary grades by stating there were years he didn't attend at all.

Like his father J. went to work on the docks. A friend got him into a good gang and work was steady for a time. J. says around 1922 it was important what gang one worked in. The I.L.A. had faded away almost to nothing and hiring was in the hands of the employers and their foremen. The shifts were formed at the docks; the method being for the men to appear on the docks and be chosen by the gang bosses. Of course this, as it always had

in the past, led to difficulties. Favoritism was rife; petty graft was the order of the day; the regular longshoremen living in the city and supporting their families suffered by watching migratory workers take their jobs. Was the pay ever split between selected men and the gang bosses? J. merely shrugged. He never donated but it was commong knowledge wanderings laborers, eager for a few days' work, often split their pay. Anything went in those days and some of the things were pretty raw. The only organization at the time was a San Francisco union known among the men as the "Blue Book". J. belonged to this organization. He said it was necessary at the time to get jobs. All he cared about was the job and whatever helped him to get it was O.K. by him. He grows rather heated now at the mention of the "Blue Book", since become on a par with other delicate appellations longshoremen carelessly toss around among themselves. But then, yes, it was necessary. J. had to work to support his mother and sometimes his sisters--so what of it? He learned how to swing a hook with the best of them and to handle the toughest cargoes with the strongest of them.

J. never paid any attention to the type of cargoes he worked on. To him it was merely a ship to load or unload and whether the cargo consisted of bananas, creosote, explosives or silk, it was only a job for which he would be paid a certain amoung of money at the end of the shift. Was the pay ever delayed? Not very often.

The longshoremen might stand for many things but they howled long and loud when their pay wasn't on the docks. At the question what constituted straight work and overtime, J. sneered. Anything in the twenty-four hour day was straight time--anything outside of it was overtime.

J. worked on and around the docks until 1930. During those years there were many fights, many walk-outs, many sympathy strikes, but they were all of a rather hopeless character and when over conditions were as bad as before. Beginning in 1929 work began to be scarce, jobs were at a premium. Employers blamed it on the depression but J. says there were just as many ships docking and as far as he could see, more workers. The Embarcadero was crammed with unemployed and they were easy to hire, too easy for the regular longshoremen who had no say in the matter. Many were laid off, J. among them. J. states it wasn't a sudden discharge as in many industries, but a gradual fading away of their jobs. Out of habit and because they had no place else to go the men still gathered daily at the docks, hoping to be selected. J. came with the rest of them and either because he was a good worker or just lucky he managed to pull down a couple of days' work a week and help support his family. But the attitude of the employers grew harsher. Using the excuse of trying to spread work J. says they hired men who would work for almost nothing. The waterfront was in a turmoil, a turmoil that was unseen

and for a time unfelt but bitter and threatening none the less. Early in 1933 the I.L.A., to which his father had belonged, once more began to grow in membership and become a power on the coast. J. joined. He said his first reason, of course, was to get steady work but again he wanted to see what a union not dominated by employers would or could do.

Now J. began to take an interest in many things that were old and yet new to him. He had worked for years on the docks through long hours and under rotten conditions, yet he had never complained. But this does not mean that he had never thought of his grievances. What he had not done was actually to put those grievances into words. Now he began to think a bit. Decasualization, hiring halls, what constituted straight time, limitation of hours, difference in cargoes, bulk--all these became interesting subjects for J's thoughts and conversation. He still worked sometimes and his wages together with the small amount flung at them by the Charities, enabled J's family to exist. On the last day of April 1934 a strike was called by the I.L.A. This was after weeks of negotiations between the association and the shipowners had failed. J. doesn't say much of the longshoremen's strike or the general sympathy strike that tied up San Francisco's industries from the sixteenth to the twentieth of July. He is still bitter. He says it will take a long time to wipe out the memories of the militia and the shootings and all the other desperate mea-

sures taken by some of our best politicians to crush the strike. But he states the longshoremen won out. Though conditions aren't ideal on the waterfront still men are being given fairly steady work and J. says he can look forward to a regular salary. He has been off the charities for many months.

J. was born in Dublin, Ireland in the year 1904 but came to America with his father and mother and two older sisters when he was two years of age. His father intended coming directly to San Francisco but the earthquake and fire scared him out and he remained in New York. There he supported the family by stevedoring, driving trucks and other general work along the docks. J's knowledge of work on the New York docks in those days comes from remembered talks with his father. Evidently longshoring was a rather tragic hit or miss proposition with the workers at the mercy of the gang boss. J. remembers that at times money was quite plentiful, at times the pickings were slim indeed.

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This young woman was in police court this morning with three girl friends. The four had been arrested last night while sitting in a car before a tavern on Geary Street. All were under eighteen years and were turned over to the Juvenile Court.

One girl made a statement to the police matron which shows conditions in her home.

Before the depression her father was employed as a bookkeeper by a hardware firm in Los Angeles. When he lost his job at the beginning of the depression he had no savings and a very little insurance, which he borrowed on to the limit before he applied for charity.

For almost four years the family has been on relief and have suffered greatly. The mother died. The nineteen year old sister has been charge of the home, caring for my informant and her two younger brothers.

"When my three girl friends decided to hitch hike to 'Frisco, I went along. We have had a good time, stopping in Bakersfield and Fresno. This is the only place we have been arrested.

"No, we didn't have much money. One of the girls had a quarter when we started. Cigarettes? Sure, the fellow who owned the car we were sitting in when the cops came, bought us each a pack. Sure, I've been eating better than I did at home. Did you ever eat cabbage for a steady diet?"

This girl's father was born in Ireland, her mother in New York. The family had lived in Los Angeles for nearly twenty years.

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son of very poor Irish parents. There were other children in the family, two girls and one boy. Their parents lived and worked on a small farm which, owing to its location on the coast, was very unproductive; and only the most meager living was provided. Early life was very uneventful, the continual fighting for existence by his parents being the most prominent remembrance of his childhood. Practically no education was available, a parish school which he attended periodically being the sum of his schooling.

When he reached the age of thirteen, he left Barna with his older brother and went to Inishmore, Aran Islands, where he worked with his brother who operated a fishing trawler with three other men. He continued in this work until seventeen years old, struggling sometimes twenty-four hours a day, and then making only a meagre living.

In 1905 he decided he would like to go to sea. The brother willing, he went home to see his folks before leaving for Queenstown with only a few shillings in his pocket. He found work soon after his arrival at Queenstown working for a lighterage company tending the liners that called at that port. This work did not pay much, but he was able to make a fair living and to save a little fromwhich he sent money regularly to his mother. In 1907 he joined the crew of an English Liner as a steward. This boat was running between Europe and New York, and was fully booked each trip with immigrants from all parts of Europe going to America, the land of freedom and promise. After making several trips in this service he decided that he would also take his chances

in the United States, and so he left his ship at New York applying to the company there for a shore position.

No positions were available so he worked at various docks for a time, and after six months received a job with his old company. His first duty was that of checker of cargo, and in a short time he received the job of head checker.

In 1912 he married a young girl who had just arrived from Ireland, and two years later the first of three children, a son, was born. In 1914, just before the outbreak of the war, he brought his mother, father, and two sisters to New York. He gave his father a job on the dock working under him in his new position of dock foreman. Owing to the war, work was very plentiful, and high wages were being paid. ~~in this work.~~ From his money he was able to save a tidy sum each month, and after a time he decided to buy a home in Jersey City.

Before he could complete arrangements, his firm decided to transfer him to San Francisco, where he arrived in 1917 just after the United States entered the war. He was assigned to his company's dock in San Francisco as dock foreman, the same position he had held in New York, and he also received a nice increase in pay. In 1919 his third and last child a daughter was born in the new home he had purchased in this city.

He has continued in this steady work up to the present time. His son is at present attending a noted college and his daughters an exclusive girls school. Both his wife and himself received citizenship papers some years ago, and are very happily situated in their own home. In addition he own a first class apartment house, and is on the whole fairly well off financially.

His mother and father returned to Ireland in 1929, and in 1932 he and his family also returned for a visit. The old country has lost its charm for him and he returned here certain that he had paid his last visit to his native land.

Devoutly religious with a large circle of friends, this family is typically real American.

M. was born in the city of Galway, County Galway, Ireland in the year 1890. His family was considered as fairly well-to-do by the townspeople being a sort of combination farming and fishing family. His father at that time was very old but still able to work and his four brothers, all matured when M. was born, when not farming and fishing hired out to wealthy land-owners. The two-story stone house they lived in on the outskirts of Galway had been in his family for over a hundred years and the acre of ground enclosed by a crumbling stone fence had been worked and re-worked until the soil was like sand. M. points to this fact to show that his family had not been wanderers and though not wealthy they at least made enough to live fairly comfortably. This, he says, was more than a great majority of the Irish people could do at that or at any othet time.

Being sickly as a child M. did not attend any school. He was taught reading and writing and instructed in religion by his mother and an older brother. His father was too old and work-worn to take much interest in this late addition to his family and M. says he has no affectionate memories of him whatever. He says he recalls his father as a plaintive but bitter old man who was against anything and everything that disturbed the even though rough tenor of his existence. Any attempt by young revolutionists to throw off the yoke of English rule in Ireland M's father

bitterly denounced. He didn't love England--that wasn't it--he just didn't want to be disturbed. His attitude even in the blackest of times, was that things could be a whole lot worse. M. states this attitude toward British rule is held by many of the old people in Ireland--or was in his day. It has been one of the greatest obstacles to the winning of Irish freedom. His father's convictions were greatly strengthened when two of his brothers passed some sort of a civil service examination and went to work for the government in Dublin. M. was nine years old at the time and he remembers how it split his family. His mother and the two remaining brothers argued for Ireland and Irish freedom while his father in lonely defiance shouted that things should be left as they were. "Let sleeping dogs lie," was his father's favorite slogan. But M. says the trouble was the dogs were never asleep.

Though there were times when food was scarce still M's family never actually hungered. Usually they had potatoes, carrots, onions, and other vegetables raised on their one acre. They kept a cow and had milk; they kept chickens and had eggs; they raised pigs but these were sold in the market. What vegetables they grew and did not eat were traded for shoes, kitchen ware, sulphur matches and other necessary articles. This was true also of the fish his brothers caught which could not be eaten or sold. Most of the family clothing was spun at home on the wheel by the thrif-

ty and hard-working mother.

M. cannot remember when his family didn't own a boat--sometimes two of them. Many more people would have fished and lived off the sea but for the prohibitive cost of a boat. A good fishing snack came to eight or ten pounds which was an almost impossible sum for the average poor Irishman in Galway to obtain. But one of M's brothers, at odds with his stay-at-home ancestors, had tramped around the coast towns of Ireland for some years with what might be called a professional boat builder for a companion. From him the brother learned the trade and so M's family never wanted a boat to fish in. It was this brother who told M. long tales of distant lanes and highways, far-off lakes and mountains, the great cities of Belfast and Dublin and put the idea into the boy's head that some day he too would wander and see more of the world than congested and dilapidated Galway.

When M. was thirteen years old his mother died of typhoid fever. This was a sad blow to him for he loved his mother dearly. Left alone with his father and two brothers he daily grew more and more dissatisfied. He fished, he helped to work the farm, he even learned how to spin cloth out of wool. About this time his father suffered a mental breakdown and became a doddering druelling old man. He used to sit on the front stoop of the house for hours at a time, staring into space and mumbling meaningless words.

Coming right after his mother's death this had a bad effect upon M. He came to hate his bleak life in the bleak city of Galway and so one fine spring morning when he was just eighteen without a by-your-leave or a farewell he took to the road. So began years of wandering that led him into every county in the old country; to England, to Scotland, to Wales and twice to prison in Dublin with De Valera, Griffith and other Sinn Fein leaders.

M. states there are many wanderers in Ireland. Up and down the lanes and highways they go -- some in groups, some alone. Many of the men know some trade, tinkering, shoe-making, clock-repairing, that keeps them from being outright beggars. M. usually could get enough work to feed himself and when he couldn't, well, the Irish poor are always willing to share the little they have.

During his years of tramping M. dug potatoes, he harvested, he burned kelp, he fished. He came to know the whole of Ireland from Belfast to the wilds of Connemara as he knew his native city of Galway. Three times he crossed to England and worked in a tin factory in London, mined in Wales, harvested in Scotland. But Ireland was his home and he always was glad to get back to it. During his wanderings he saw much of the misery of the Irish people, the drabness and dreariness of their lives. He saw poverty on every hand and often downright famine. While slaving on the docks of Dublin among the worst paid and most boss-ridden workers in the world he met Jim Larkin -- that fiery Irish leader

who organized the transport laborers and helped to raise the lethargic Irish people to a renewed realization of their servitude. Dead as a doormouse for many years the Sinn Fein party now began to grow and spread the length and breadth of Ireland. The old spirit of revolution was revived and Ireland started marching toward its goal of seven hundred years.

M. was swept along by the tide. In time he became something of a leader. "Ourselves" was their war cry, "Ireland for Irishmen and to hell with foreigners especially Englshmen!" M. came under the surveillance of the police and twice he was imprisoned. Then he became cunning and using the great knowledge he possessed of every road and hideout in Ireland he was never taken again. M. claims that in later years when the Black and Tan hordes poured into Ireland it was often due to his knowledge of the hidden places that many of the Irish Revolutionist leaders escaped captivity so long.

When the World War began, Ireland was in a turmoil. The old country saw her young men being rushed off to the front line trenches to fight for a government they hated, in a war they had no interest. M. went up and down the country as did hundreds of others preaching open rebellion against Britain.

He was continually on the run. With groups of other young Irish Nationalists he harassed the Black and Tans in every possible manner, in every out-of-the-way place. Badly clothed, poorly armed,

the Sinn Feines fought in the old and honorable way of a weak people against a strong aggressor nation. Guerilla warfare was their mode of fighting. "Fight today and run so we can fight again tomorrow," was their battle cry. M. says his only weapon was a pitchfork, the prongs of which were sharpened to a razor edge -- his only clothing a shirt and a pair of trousers tied up with a piece of rope.

Then came the 1916 Easter Rebellion. M. fought in the streets of Dublin through it all. Fought until he saw it was bound to fail -- fought until he saw the leaders shot down or imprisoned. Then, with a group of comrades of the guerilla warfare days he quietly withdrew. They were well armed now and once again began harassing the Black and Tan outfits throughout Ireland. It was the old story of strike swiftly -- fight and run.

M. says that though the Easter Rebellion was a seeming failure out of it grew a stronger Sinn Fein party. From that day on it was the only party that could command the respect of Nationalist Ireland. With the growth of Sinn Fein, England's power in Ireland began to wane. The British government growled the old bull-dog growl but Ireland only laughed. Without accusation Britain imprisoned men and then let them go again still unaccused and untried. She threatened conscription -- she threw her lying propaganda before the eyes of the world but the Irish

only laughed the louder and the Sinn Fein party grew stronger. England they knew had her hands full trying to make the world safe for democracy.

In 1917 M. became ill. It was a gradual weakening of his whole body accompanied by a continuous fever. Nights and days roaming the byways and mountains in all kinds of weather, sleeping on the wet ground, going without food, fighting, --had taken their toll. He was still on the run but a comrade took him to a trusted friend and he was given a bed in the barn and what poor food could be scraped up for him. He was very ill and didn't care whether he lived or died. Word was carried to his brother in Dublin and both came to him and had him taken back to the old family home in Galway. There he found his father, more wrinkled, more shrunken, sitting on the front stoop jabbering his meaningless words. Three days after this reunion his father died but M. was too ill to care.

The father's death and M.'s homecoming brought the brothers closer together. He said they suddenly realized they were rather closely related and had enough to do without fighting among themselves. M. stayed at home and as a little of his strength returned he gradually took up the old life of the place. He fished with his two remaining brothers, he worked the farm, he cooked and tended the house. This went on for two years and during those years the Sinn Fein party grew stronger. But then came the Armis-

tice and England had time to give all her armed attention to Ireland. Once more the British soldiers poured into Ireland and spread the length and breadth of the land. M. was still ill and tired and it looked to him then that all the fighting and hardships had been in vain. This was not true he says -- later years proved it untrue. But then all he could see was the mailed fist of England and all the misery and famines of old days sweeping back upon the people of Ireland. Though middle-aged, one of his brothers in Dublin was going to America. He offered to take M. with him and take care of him until all was settled with them in the new world. M. thought about it for a long time and then accepted. So in 1920 exactly on M.'s thirtieth birthday he and his brother sailed out of Queenstown bound for the new country. M. says that America has been good to him. He has regained his health here and has had fairly steady work. He is over the idea that he missed a lot in Ireland by coming to America when he did. In his weakened condition he wouldn't have been much use to his native country in those fighting years after the World War. He sees that clearly now.

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M. cannot remember when his family didn't own a boat--sometimes two of them. Many more people would have fished and lived off the sea but for the prohibitive cost of a boat. A good fishing smack came to eight or ten pounds which was an almost impossible sum for the average poor Irishman in Galway to obtain. But one of M's brothers, at odds with his stay-at-home ancestors, had tramped around the coast towns of Ireland for some years with what might be called a professional boat builder for a companion. From him the brother learned the trade and so M's family never wanted a boat to fish in. It was this brother who told M. long tales of distant lanes and highways, far-off lakes and mountains, the great cities of Belfast and Dublin and put the idea into the boy's head that some day he too would wander and see more of the world than congested and dilapidated Galway.

When M. was thirteen years old his mother died of typhoid fever. This was a sad blow to him for he loved his mother dearly. Left alone with his father and two brothers he daily grew more and more dissatisfied. He fished, he helped to work the farm, he even learned how to spin cloth out of wool. About this time his father suffered a mental breakdown and became a doddering drueling old man. He used to sit on the front stoop of the house for hours at a time, staring into space and mumbling meaningless words.

Coming right after his mother's death this had a bad effect upon M. He came to hate his bleak life in the bleak city of Galway and so one fine spring morning when he was just eighteen without a by-your-leave or a farewell he took to the road. So began years of wandering that led him into every county in the old country; to England, to Scotland, to Wales and twice to prison in Dublin with De Valera, Griffith and other Sinn Fein leaders.

M. states there are many wanderers in Ireland. Up and down the lanes and highways they go -- some in groups, some alone. Many of the men know some trade, tinkering, shoe-making, clock-repairing, that keeps them from being outright beggars. M. usually could get enough work to feed himself and when he couldn't, well, the Irish poor are always willing to share the little they have.

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When the World War began, Ireland was in a turmoil. The old country saw her young men being rushed off to the front line trenches to fight for a government they hated, in a war they had no interest. M. went up and down the country as did hundreds of others preaching open rebellion against Britain.

He was continually on the run. With groups of other young Irish Nationalists he harassed the Black and Tans in every possible manner, in every out-of-the-way place. Badly clothed, poorly armed,

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only laughed the louder and the Sinn Fein party grew stronger. England they knew had her hands full trying to make the world safe for democracy.

In 1917 M. became ill. It was a gradual weakening of his whole body accompanied by a continuous fever. Nights and days roaming the byways and mountains in all kinds of weather, sleeping on the wet ground, going without food, fighting, --had taken their toll. He was still on the run but a comrade took him to a trusted friend and he was given a bed in the barn and what poor food could be scraped up for him. He was very ill and didn't care whether he lived or died. Word was carried to his brother in Dublin and both came to him and had him taken back to the old family home in Galway. There he found his father, more wrinkled, more shrunken, sitting on the front stoop jabbering his meaningless words. Three days after this reunion his father died but M. was too ill to care.

The father's death and M.'s homecoming brought the brothers closer together. He said they suddenly realized they were rather closely related and had enough to do without fighting among themselves. M. stayed at home and as a little of his strength returned he gradually took up the old life of the place. He fished with his two remaining brothers, he worked the farm, he cooked and tended the house. This went on for two years and during those years the Sinn Fein party grew stronger. But then came the Armis-

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M. was born in the city of Galway, County Galway, Ireland in the year 1890. His family was considered as fairly well-to-do by the townspeople being a sort of combination farming and fishing family. His father at that time was very old but still able to work and his four brothers, all matured when M. was born, when not farming and fishing hired out to wealthy land-owners. The two-story stone house they lived in on the outskirts of Galway had been in his family for over a hundred years and the acre of ground enclosed by a crumbling stone fence had been worked and re-worked until the soil was like sand. M. points to this fact to show that his family had not been wanderers and though not wealthy they at least made enough to live fairly comfortably. This, he says, was more than a great majority of the Irish people could do at that or at any othet time.

Being sickly as a child M. did not attend any school. He was taught reading and writing and instructed in religion by his mother and an older brother. His father was too old and work-worn to take much interest in this late addition to his family and M. says he has no affectionate memories of him whatever. He says he recalls his father as a plaintive but bitter old man who was against anything and everything that disturbed the even though rough tenor of his existence. Any attempt by young revolutionists to throw off the yoke of English rule in Ireland M's father

bitterly denounced. He didn't love England--that wasn't it--he just didn't want to be disturbed. His attitude even in the blackest of times, was that things could be a whole lot worse. M. states this attitude toward British rule is held by many of the old people in Ireland--or was in his day. It has been one of the greatest obstacles to the winning of Irish freedom. His father's convictions were greatly strengthened when two of his brothers passed some sort of a civil service examination and went to work for the government in Dublin. M. was nine years old at the time and he remembers how it split his family. His mother and the two remaining brothers argued for Ireland and Irish freedom while his father in lonely defiance shouted that things should be left as they were. "Let sleeping dogs lie," was his father's favorite slogan. But M. says the trouble was the dogs were never asleep.

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IRISH

M. was born in Atheny, Galway, Ireland, in 1877. He was one of ten children, seven boys and three girls. In 1892 he ran away from home, and finally found his way to Queenstown where he joined up with a party of about twenty young Irishmen under contract to an Oregon ranchman about to board ship for America. As he was too young to enlist with this crowd, he stowed away and managed to stay with them until they landed in Lakeview, Oregon, about three months after leaving Queenstown. He was taken on by a sheep rancher who paid him Ten Dollars per month and found. He saved all of the pay, and after nearly Three years he went to Portland with about Three Hundred Dollars and secured a job with the largest Department Store there in their shipping Department at Three Dollars per week. In 1906 he had worked his way up to a Department Manager, and in 1908 he was offered a better position in Seattle's largest Department Store which he accepted. In 1908 he married, and he has reared a family of two boys and one girl. He has been with this same store ever since, and in October, 1933, he was given leave of absence to regain his health. He came to San Francisco, California where he has been vacationing since October. His children are all married, the boys having good positions. He is now one of the Executives of Seattle's largest Department Store, and expects to return there about February 1st to resume his duties.

He was born in County Cork about fifty years ago. His father was a government official, and on the King's birthday list. As a child, the family removed to Glasgow where he was educated. He had a good cultural background. At twenty he began to work as a clerk in a banking house. After two years of that, he decided to go homesteading in Canada where his brother then lived. He didn't like homesteading nor Canada. He went to Vancouver where he got a job as storekeeper on the Empress of India (Canadian-Pacific). From that time until ten years ago he has worked on various lines, N.Y.K., and American Merchant shipping, working his way up from storekeeper to purser.

For the last ten years he has been working on the Embarcadero as a clerk. About fifteen years ago he applied for his first papers, but went to sea for the N.Y.K. line for four years and has never completed his application. He has never married.

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My informant is an Irishman of thirty-eight years. He has been in this country since 1925, and is employed in a sugar refinery.

He was the eldest of twelve children, and inherited a magnificant business in Tralee, Kerry, a county in the south of Ireland. But, he began playing around with his cashier, and, soon, there was a baby. My friend couldn't stand the gaff, and refused to marry the girl, emigrating to America. He says he has no regrets for his actions, as in a small town like Tralee, he would have been plagued for the rest of his days whether or not he married the girl, and, that here, atleast, he can come and go as he pleases.

His brother in Kerry is now the K.C. for Kerry, and his other brother has married the Bishop's niece, and everybody back there seem to be rolling in money, but he says he wouldn't give a "thrawn" for the lot of it.

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X___ was born in Belfast, Ireland. His whole family worked in hemp mills and linen manufacturing plants. At thirteen he went to work and learned the art of weaving linen canvas. After working in this coarser material he was put on fine linens to be used for handkerchiefs. At eighteen years of age he saw the linen business dropping as one mill after the other closed down. His older brother left for London and worked awhile but soon was laid off. So he thought America was his best bet. He watched his chance to come to the United States.

When he arrived in New York he wrote to a young lady in San Francisco also from Belfast, who was a governess with one of our best families. She spoke to her madam and was told if the young man would come out her, her husband would give him a position. After arriving he had the advantage of speaking English, was given a position as a time-keeper in a mill. A few years later he became a bookeeper, and still is bookeeper for the same concern.

He has worked all through the depression. He received no cut in salary. Nine years ago he married the young lady who was governess for his employer's children, and she continued until the children were grown up. They bought a little home, his wife keeps house for him. They have no children. They have a fine home, for his wife has the fine

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He was asked if he was glad he had come to United States. He said in Ireland there would be starving conditions. He became a citizen and hopes to save enough to someday live in the country, raise chickens, hogs and vegetables.

He hopes he has seen the worst of the depression. He doesn't believe we will ever have another one like this; for he believes laws will be enacted in the years to come. When asked if he would like to revisit his old home, he said up until a few years ago, he would have liked to visit it to see his parents, but they have passes away, so therefore he has no interest in Ireland whatsoever.

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IRISH

J. is Irish and was born in a little town near Limerick, Ireland. He was induced to come to the United States by friends who thought they could get him on the San Francisco Police force. After his arrival, he was employed, as a clerk at a very small salary, in a small store. When the opportunity came to take examination for the police force, he was rejected because of his small stature.

J, then applied for work as a taxicab driver and after a years apprenticeship, he was given a steady position as a driver. He did better even during the last few years, than he expected to do, and even though he was inclined to gamble, had been able to save enough to get married.

His wife, with whom he has been very happy, was an office worker and knew nothing of house-keeping. The result was poor management of household expenses and J. soon found himself in debt. After being compelled to ask aid of his employer, they were finally brought out of debt by the management of his mother-in-law, who had come to live with them. Since her coming they have not only paid their debts, but have been able to save money.

J. had no interest in Politics, and does not care who is in office, so long as his family is provided for and happy. He does not think that Ireland will become independent, because the Irish are too temperamental and need someone to settle their arguments. England is the logical country for that purpose.

IRISH

Mrs. C __ was born, of Irish parents, at Fairfield, Iowa, in 1864. She was a teacher in the rural schools until she came to California, where she married Mr. C __. Her husband, also of Irish descent, owned and operated a cattle ranch in northern California. Mrs. C __ was accustomed to ranch life, as her parents were farmers.

They raised a family of six children, there being five girls and one boy. The boy died at the age of sixteen and two girls have since died. After the death of her husband, Mrs. C returned to Iowa for an extended visit, and since that time has lived in a convent in Northern California. Two daughters entered the convent of St. Joseph's, becoming Sisters of the Order. One daughter married; and one has traveled and taught school for a number of years, and at present is in Madrid, Spain.

The surviving members of the family have felt the effects of the depression very keenly, but are meeting conditions as best they can. Mrs. C __, now seventy-one years of age, is quite strong and enjoying good health. Her life in the convent is much more to her liking, than life in the outside world. She has perfect peace of mind and has no desire to live in the open world.

Mr. C __ was one of the early settlers of California, and saw much of the Indian trouble in the West. He was mentioned in the book published many years ago by the late Bledso, entitled, " Indian Wars of the Northwest".

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The surviving members of the family have felt the effects of the depression very keenly, but are meeting conditions as best they can. Mrs. C., now seventy-one years of age, is quite strong and enjoying good health. Her life in the convent is much more to her liking than life in the outside world. She has perfect peace of mind and has no desire to live in the open world.

Mr C. was one of the early settlers of California, and saw much of the Indian trouble in the West. He was mentioned in the book published many years ago by the late Bledso, entitled "Indian Wars of the Northwest."

This man was born in San Francisco thirty-nine years ago. His father was Irish, and his mother German. His father was a marine engineer, who sailed on lumber schooners along the Pacific coast, until his retirement four years ago.

In his early schooling this man met with one obstacle, namely, his inability to speak English. His mother had always spoken to him in German, since most of her friends were German people. His father was seldom home; consequently, there was little chance of the boy's learning to speak English until he started to school. He managed to keep up with the rest of his classmates, however, and eventually overcame this handicap. He never stopped speaking German entirely, and he is thankful, for during the World War, he used it to good advantage.

After finishing his schooling he went to work in a butcher shop, learning the trade which he still follows.

At the outbreak of the World War this man joined the army, and after a short stay at Camp Lewis, was sent overseas. His father, in the meantime, had joined the Navy as a lieutenant engineer in the transport service.

During one of the major attacks in France, the son was severely wounded, and for months was confined to a hospital. When he was strong enough to travel he was placed on a transport bound for America. It was not until he was well out on sea that he dis-

covered that his father was on the same boat. This was a great consolation, and made the trip far more easier.

After returning to America, he was sent to a government hospital in Palo Alto to recuperate completely.

Several years later he married, and when their child was but two weeks old, his wife died. The shock was so severe that he suffered a relapse. He was again taken into a government hospital in Livermore. He remained there for about six months, during which time his mother cared for the child.

When his daughter was six years old, he married again, thinking that by this time he was in perfect health. He did enjoy good health for the following few years. His business was good, and conditions in general were very pleasant. A second child was born which brought him much happiness.

Shortly after, however, he was again stricken with a breakdown, and made another trip to the hospital. A series of these attacks followed, and on each occasion the doctors claimed that they could find no cause for his condition. He became dissatisfied and decided to try a doctor in private practice. He underwent several operations, but none of these seemed to correct his ailments. Another doctor advised him to sell his business, and take a long rest. This he did, but this proved a waste of time also.

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This man has spent a great deal of money for medicines and

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These people, a family with four boys, born in Dublin, Ireland, arrived in New York in the year 1890. These boys ranged in age from twelve to twenty years. Their father had been in the leather and trimming business in Ireland. As was often the custom in those days in Europe, the business and living quarters were in one house, and of course saved the overhead expense of renting a business place. When these boys arrived in this country, they already were sufficiently trained to do work and to help their father in his business, even to selling over the counter and calling on the trade. This family was not rich, but they were well off; as is often the case with Europeans, they saved considerable money on overhead expenses through the assistance of their children. They decided to come to the land of opportunity as they felt they could make more money here and at the same it offered a better opportunity for their children, for their business to expand. Another reason was that shoe leather lasted a good deal longer in Europe than in this country, as in those days, European playgrounds were not hard surfaces as in this country.

Here is another advantage for European people coming to this country -- these people had, of course, acquaintances in this country, who had been established here for a number of years, and that, of course, was a great advantage in getting started right.

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tana where they opened up in the same business, leather and findings. From seeing these people and knowing some of their habits, it is clear to the writer why they are such a success. After being established for five years in Montana the oldest son moved to Portland, Oregon, and opened up a branch. Within a few years this business was doing well, and again the same conditions prevailed, that with the help of another brother, they again saved considerable overhead expense. This business in Portland well established, they aimed at California and opened up a branch in Los Angeles, now some ten years ago and again as in Portland there were two brothers together and after five years in Los Angeles, they had a large flourishing business. Their father, in the meantime, died in Montana and today their mother is living in good health. Then to make it complete they opened up another branch in San Francisco where one son handled the store, with the assistance of one of the stock clerks from Los Angeles. Beginning slowly five years ago, they now have five stock clerks and a good number of salesmen and are doing a fine business, encompassing also the bay district. In order to make all this headway and to make substantial and permanent customers, they followed a certain system. The sons did not stay in their stores. They went out daily themselves, calling on their trade and prospects themselves, not merely visiting, but selling their line and taking orders they have a custom of following up their salesman and the writer believes that it is

indeed of great value to their business for it makes a good impression on the customer to see wholesale jobbers or manufacturers make visits themselves, beside the salesman. In the east we find quite a few large manufacturers who have special house representatives who only visit their trade and do not do any selling. This is also a fine means of creating good will with the trade, and it behooves such special representatives to find out, if the customer if pleased with the salesman who calls on them. In the case of these four boys with their leather trade, the writer knows for a fact that they never drink, and are sober at all times, and this, of course, is one sure reason for their success. In previous days and even today, we still find many persons who will tell you that the Irish are heavy drinkers, but the writer knows that these four boys do not drink. Early in the morning, they are on the job and by nine o'clock they are out in the city themselves, calling on the trade and by four or five o'clock in the evening they bring in their orders, and whenever you step in there you will always find them busy, helping their clerks fill these orders. This means you will never see them idle. Yes, they are indeed fine citizens and are good for any city or community. The family has become very prominent in this country and their credit is first class. They pay their invoices as they come in, and take advantage of every percentage discount they can get by offering to pay at once as soon as the goods come into their hands.

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ing into a line he was more familiar with, he sold out to his partner in September of 1934. About three months ago he started a fruit stand in Berkeley called "The Garden Spot". He has built up a fair business and expects to locate here permanently. He has never suffered from the depression and has never failed to make what he feels is a sufficient amount to keep his family comfortably.

The history of Irish immigration to California begins with the tradition that an Irishman named Logue, aboard a whaler off the Pacific Coast, was offended by seeing one of his officers eat meat on Good Friday. He stabbed the man to death and escaped by swimming to Mendocino County. Legend places this event in the year 1800.

More accurate evidence points to Captain J. Smith, a native of King's County, Ireland, who reached the coast by the overland route with a party of trappers, in 1826. Smith was regarded with suspicion by the Spanish inhabitants and was, with most of his party, murdered by Indians.

John C. Read was probably the first Irishman to settle in California. He arrived at Los Angeles, in 1826, from Mexico, and finally settled in Marin County. He had a grant of land in 1834 and erected the first mill in the county. Read also established the first ferry boat across the bay from Sausalito to San Francisco.

Another early Irish settler was Don Timoteo Murphy who received a grant from Micheltorena at San Rafael, and was made Indian agent and Commissioner of the Tribe of Nicassians (1830). Murphy was wealthy and owned much land. A great part of it he gave to churches in San Francisco, amongst them was the present

site of the Palace Hotel.

James W. Burke, (1830), Moore (1851), F. J. Maguire, and Reid are early Irish names connected with California history.

Santa Clara county was a center of Irish population in California. The fact that both San Jose and Santa Clara were sites of missions may account for the gathering of many Irish Catholics in this region.

Three years before the Donner Party, Martin Murphy and James Miller, his son-in-law led a party of immigrants over the same route. The Murphy-Miller party reached its goal without the loss of one person.

In 1844, the party reached Fort Helvetia, the residence of Captain Sutter. The country was in a troubled state as a rebellion had broken out against Micheltorena. The party was forced to join the rebels and was carried up and down the coast for some time before it was able to settle. This was finally possible when the alcalde "Don Timoteo" Murphy sold Miller some land in San Rafael. Miller Hall, the original home, was about four miles north of San Rafael, and has been a land mark of the county for years.

The Donner Party, which failed in the same attempt which the Murphy-Miller party was successful in, also contained several Irish families although these were for the most part

from the lumberland river region. Another Irish Murphy--Mary--survived the rigours of the journey and gave her name to Marysville in Yuba County.

Other early Irish settlers in California were Coppinger and Graham, who headed the revolt in 1836 against Guttierez. The history of General Kearney, who was the first military governor of California, need not be repeated; he was another Irishman who came to California, although in his case on military service.

General Sherman, an American of Irish descent, came to San Francisco in 1853, where he was in business as a broker for several years.

The announcement of the discovery of Gold was, as in the case of other minorities. the cause for an immense increase in the number of Irish population. In 1847, Yerba Buena was a little known town, which had representatives of nearly every race in it. In ten years the Irish population had grown tremendously.

Population figures in this period are scarce. Local histories give some idea of the increase, as, for example, the county archives of Humboldt County show that the foreign born population of the district in 1960 was 187 persons. Of this

number 97, or nearly 20%, were Irish.

It is necessary to point out here that the principal causes of Irish emigration were the famines of 1846 and 1849, culminating in the misery of death and poverty in 1848. Of the large number of Irish who came to America, most settled in New York State. So great was public sympathy for the Irish in America that public opinion forced the United States government to place two warships at the disposal of societies which were organized to bring the suffering Irish to America. Of these immigrants only a small and adventurous number were able to reach California, yet in 1850, the decennial census shows an Irish contingent of nearly four million.

To a large extent the Irish filled the ranks of the manual laborers of this country. Anti-Irish agitation in the more thickly populated regions was another factor in westward immigration. The American Protective Association in its brief and ignominious history proved an effective force in combatting the celtic peoples.

It was not until after Irish generals had won fame in the Mexican and Civil Wars and until the position of the immigrants had imporved financially and socially that Irish names were found among the "winners of the West". The opening of the gold and silver mines of the West attracted many; it was the development

of these resources that attracted the new Irish generation. No account of the Irish in California would be complete without mention of the capitalists of that race who have made their fame here. Their names are familiar: Donahue, Mackey, Fair, Flood, Donahoe, Tobur. These men were either first or second generation Irishmen, who were attracted here by the Gold Rush and business development. They count the Hibernia Bank as a monument to their business achievement.

Naturally, wherever there are Irish, there are priests. So, a large number of Irish immigrants from 1850 to 1900 was made up by the Roman Catholic clergy. As pastors and missionaries they came with the rest of their people and their names are connected with the towns where they laboured. An example was Bishop O'Connell of Grass Valley who was a native of Ireland.

The Irish have taken a large part in the development of journalism in California. McClatchy, father of the present owner of the "Sacramento Bee" was born in Lisburn, County Antrim, in 1824, and came to America in 1848.

He was one of the passengers of the Dolphin a ship which was lost on the southern coast in 1849. The survivors were

left on a barren coast about 400 miles from San Diego, and it was only after great hardship that the party reached the Mexican and American settlements. McClatchy is supposed to have walked all the way to San Jose without shoes, and by that time had become so used to the lack of shoes, that henceforth shoes were regarded as a superfluous luxury.

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Population figures in this period are scarce. Local histories give some idea of the increase, as, for example, the county archives of Humboldt County show that the foreign born population of the district in 1860 was 197 persons. Of this

number 97, or nearly 20%, were Irish.

It is necessary to point out here that the principal causes of Irish emigration were the famines of 1846 and 1847, culminating in the misery of death and poverty in 1848. Of the large number of Irish who came to America, most settled in New York State. So great was public sympathy for the Irish in America that public opinion forced the United States government to place two warships at the disposal of societies which were organized to bring the suffering Irish to America. Of these immigrants only a small and adventurous number were able to reach California, yet in 1870, the decennial census showed an Irish contingent of nearly four million.

To a large extent the Irish filled the ranks of the unskilled laborers of this country. Anti-Irish agitation in the more thickly populated regions was another factor in westward immigration. The American Protective Association in its brief and ignominious history proved an effective force in combatting the celtic peoples.

It was not until after Irish generals had won fame in the Mexican and Civil Wars and until the position of the immigrants had improved financially and socially that Irish names were found among the "winners of the West". The opening of the gold and silver mines of the West attracted many; it was the development

of these resources that attracted the new Irish generation. No account of the Irish in California would be complete without mention of the capitalists of that race who have made their fame here. Their names are familiar: Donahue, Mackay, Flair, Flood, Sanchez, Tobur. These men were either first or second generation Irishmen, who were attracted here by the Gold Rush and business development. They count the Liberals Bank as a monument to their business achievement.

Naturally, wherever there are Irish, there are priests. So, a large number of Irish immigrants from 1850 to 1900 was made up by the Roman Catholic clergy. As pastors and missionaries they came with the rest of their people and their names are connected with the towns where they laboured. An example was Bishop O'Connell of Grass Valley who was a native of Ireland.

The Irish have taken a large part in the development of journalism in California. McClatchy, father of the present owner of the "Sacramento Bee" was born in Lisburn, County Antrim, in 1824, and came to America in 1848.

He was one of the passengers of the Dalhia a ship which was lost on the southern coast in 1849. The survivors were

OFFICER O'HANSOME

"Tall good looking cop d oges pretty ladies, Ha! Ha! "
O'ffice O'Hansome swung around and peered in the shadow of an alleyway from whence had come the laugh.

"You think that humor do you?" snapped Officer O'Handsome, "Well let me tell you that kind of humor is downright cruelty. You wouldn't laugh at your dog if he had my job." and the new officer removed his hat and mopped his prespiring brow with a huge crisp handkerchief.

"Another snicker out of you, and you'll buy your own Turkish pastry."
"I think it might be a good idea, buying my own Turkish pastry. If the other fellows on the force should see you spending your money in such a reckless way they might think you were getting a special bonus, or had a heavy investment somewhere." said the voice from the shadows.

Tap tap tap came the sound of two small heels and as a slip of a red haired girl approached Officer O'Hansome jumped into the shadows and shush shushed his humorous companion.

"Since when has O'fficer O'Hansome, whose ambition was to become a gangster shooting cop, become so jittery that he jumps into dark doorways at the mere sight of a redheaded girl.?" questioned the voice in the shadows.

"There's nothing funny about my job, its lousy not funny. You know I thought I was supposed to hunt crooks, Well, what do they do with me, but give this pavement pounding job of picking up the Feminine Street Promenaders. The other day I picked up a little blond and instead of taking her to jail, I gave her a buck and told her to stay off my beat." Some of them cry and some fight, some say plenty and some say nothing. If I took a bribe from those who can pay I would have to take in those that can't, and that would be tough.

J.L.B.

OFFICER O'HANSOME

"Bribes and protection come from the big shots they have their men and their places. The new cops do what they are told and don't get any of the gravey."

"Yesterday, I was practically forced to arrest and drag in that bold blond, she told me I was afraid of her because she could swing a mean wallop. Just take a look at my right ear and see what that dame did to me before I could get her hauled away." "Don't tell me you'r laughing again." snapped O'fficer O'Hansome as he scowled at his companion inthe shadows.

"I'm suppose to put up with tears, curses, kicks, punches and bites from these street walkin cuties, and when I don't drag em in, I get bawled out for not attending to duty, being too sympathetic, etc. and all that stuff. Every night they tell me I'm going to get canned if I don't bring more of them in." Why should I drag em in when they are the same breed of cats as the ones peeking behind protected walls?" If a guy makes a mistake and gets the wrong one the big boss gives him a nice job pounding pavements out in the sand dunes where he can breath the nice salt air and get wise to the racket.

" I didn't arrest any o'them today because I wouldn't be fit to eat Turkish pastry or anything else and besides I don't want to dine out with my face all clawed up."

"O'ffice O'Hansome I suggest that you try jumping out of burning buildings, rescuing helpless women & children, assisting the aged, etc. You could play pinocle and polish brass in your spare time. You wouldn't have to wear out your handkerchiefs moping your weary brow, or jump into doorways, you could look any kind of a woman straight in the eye and take life easy." suggested the voice in the shadows.

"I'll take you up on that, and from now on I am Fireman O'Hansome."

At 9:00 a.m. I left the house, curious to know what had further developed. The main thoroughfares were filled with a dense crowd that milled around everywhere. No soldier could be seen, ~~hear and~~ nor far. All palaces and public buildings, which were only yesterday teeming with life, offered a completely deserted aspect,—like haunted places. Nobody knew exactly what had happened. One could observe some individuals getting into heated arguments. One contented that the "legistas" had given up their fight against the victorious revolutionists, while the other retorted that, on the contrary, the revolutionists had left the city and were on their way to Rio to bombard that city for a change, while the other was not in it yet. Remindful of their prior experiences, they didn't trust this sudden quietness. Who could tell if this was not another trick of the revolutionists? While the crowd was surging back and forth in the streets, in anxious expectation of what going to happen next, a truck turned up with about 20 soldiers in it, shouting "Viva Sao Paulo" and other slogans. Since both revolutionaries as well as legistas were wearing the same uniforms, the crowd stood at first silent to make sure who those soldiers were. They turned out to be legistas, the first vanguard of an army of about ~~25,000~~ men. By ~~now~~ the first detachments were entering the city, slowly and nervous. On their faces was written the strain of weariness. During the next three days the bulk of the army entered the city. Strangely, the population did not receive them joyously. Not a single "Viva" did I hear. They entered the city like a foreign army occupying a captured city. For the next three months the city remained strictly under martial law, and nobody was allowed to leave without a salvo-conducto. The revolutionists fought their way through Matto Grosso, until finally ~~they~~ had to give up. Most of them went ~~finally~~ into Paraguay or Argentine respectively.

Mr. X's partner taught him how to instruct and tutor young riders and he was soon adept at horsemanship.

The partners then had an opportunity to purchase a downtown stable that was in receivership. The former owner of the stable was a great "sport" and figured in the life of this city in that day. The business was in a run down condition, due to the mismanagement and over excesses of the former owner. So Mr. X. and his partner took over the stable. They thought this was a good idea because Mr. X. could manage the downtown stables and the Frenchman the park riding school. They could also send the downtown riders to the park and make changes back and forth.

The livery stable did not go as well as expected, and was a constant drain on the profits of the park riding school. The partners began bickering and having difficulties, one wanting to abandon the downtown enterprise, the other wanting to continue and give it a chance to build up. About this time a strike was called by the stable workers. This completely paralized the business of the downtown stable. To add to Mr. X's woes, a young striker was killed by a scab Mr. X. was forced to hire through the Stable Owners' Association during the strike. The scab happened to be a negro imported from the south, and the striker was a young Irishman. This caused bitter feeling between the stable employers and the stable owners.

Mr. X. had a change of heart toward the workers after this

and was definitely in sympathy with the strikers. This got Mr. X. into difficulties with the Stables Owners' Association and, also with his partner. To add to this situation, the earthquake and fire of 1906 came along and damaged the stable. The National Guard dynamited the stable because they said it was a hazard, although Mr. X. says it was not badly damaged. This final blow put an end to Mr. X's career as stable owner and broke the partnership.

Mr. X. at this time was married and had a couple of children. He lived for a while on the money he had salvaged from his partnership in the stable enterprise.

Mr. X. was almost completely impoverished when he was finally offered a job taking care of a stable in the Fillmore district for a baking company. Mr. X. was given full management of the stables and was also provided with living quarters, for himself and his family, in a flat upstairs of the stable. He worked in this stable until about 1919. He raised his family of eight children there. He kept the job until the advent of the automobile. The stable was then transformed into a garage and Mr. X. was again out of work. He had no money saved because the salary he had received was all consumed raising his family.

Mr. X. was then forced to move to a cheap flat and the family lived off the earnings of the two older children. He was unable to find work for some time and his wife forced him to leave because he was unable to support his family. This caused him to be

very lonesome and very embittered for a while. However, he soon got over it.

Mr. X. became acquainted with a Greek gentleman who had a small sponge and chamois store and assisted him around the store for a small compensation.

It did not take Mr. X. long to find out that there was a good possibility of making a living selling sponges. This appealed to Mr. X. because he was getting older and could no longer perform heavy labor. He started out each morning with a handbag full of merchandise and called on garages, hospitals and painters. In the evening he would pay the Greek for what he had sold during the day. Mr. X. worked himself up a nice business this way and soon was selling sponges to practically every painter in San Francisco. Quite a few of the painters were Irish and knew Mr. X. in the earlier days in San Francisco. After the Greek died, Mr.X. got practically all of his business. He never expanded the business or opened a store, being content to walk around with his bag. He is now seventy years old and still making his living this way, although he is not able to get around as he used to. Business has been bad with him since the depression and he was forced to go to the charities for assistance. He never saved any money because for years he had been a confirmed gambler and still is. He lives in a furnished room and pays a rent of a dollar and a half per week. He eats all his meals in cheap restaurants.

His family are now all grown men and women. This family is divided into two groups. One group is very friendly to Mr. X. This group includes a son who married a Jewish girl and was ostracized by the other faction of the family, on the mother's side. Mr. X. could see no harm in marrying a Jewish girl and is quite friendly with the young couple. While his wife predicts the failure of this marriage, Mr. X. predicts its success. This son is a plasterer by trade and makes a living doing small patch jobs as he can find no other work in his line, because there is no new construction in San Francisco to speak of.

Two of Mr. X's daughters, married to South and Central Americans, are quite friendly to the father. Although Mr. X.'s wife objects to these marriages because of racial prejudice, Mr. X. is quite reconciled. He visits them often and is friendly with their husbands. Mr. X's youngest son, a salesman, is also quite friendly toward him and visits him often.

The other faction, or those who are friendly to the mother, include three daughters, one married to a policeman of Irish parentage, another married to a jewelry salesman of Irish parentage, and the third, single. There is also a son in this group who is waiting for an appointment on the Municipal Railway. This group all attend the Catholic Church regularly as does the mother and have nothing to do with the group siding with the father.

The group that is friendly to the father do not attend church

and share the father's views of religion. Mr. X. says that "religion is an organized racket." It is interesting to note that two of this group, the two men, are radicals. The two women in this group are very liberal minded. Mr. X. has no particular interest in social philosophy himself and is very vague politically. However, he is a materialist at heart and is partly in agreement with his sons.

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corries. Bathing was out of the question. We were in luck to have enough to wash our faces once a day. The stock often had to be driven to water and the water they got, men would not use except in an extremity. This was in the dry season. During the short seasons of the rain, we had too much water for a while and had to watch that our flocks were not trapped in a dry wash that would suddenly become a torrent when it started to rain.

Four years of this life was enough and as I had saved most of my pay, I quit and went back to Melbourne. I could get no work there and went to Sydney and, as I had no better luck, I decided on San Francisco.

Once in San Francisco, I looked for a city job, the wide open spaces had lost their lure for me. At last I got located as porter in the old Occidental Hotel at Bush and Montgomery Streets.

My hotel experience in Australia helped me and I made good finally, getting to be head porter. Gavin McNab, who afterward became a famous attorney and political leader, was chief clerk. I often had pleasant conversations with him. He was always interested in hearing experiences and learning about the habits of men under conditions out of the ordinary.

The Occidental of that day was one of the leading hotels of the town and many well known people stopped there. My pay was small but the tips were good. It was a period of free-

handed spending and I accumulated quite a sum during the five years I was there.

An opportunity came for me to buy into a saloon, and, after careful consideration, I started in this business. Our place was near the Southern Pacific station and we built up a good trade. Our patrons were of all classes, but as the house was orderly, and the patrons came and went without loafing around, there was no reason for us to cater to any one class of trade.

I stayed at this same stand until the earthquake of 1906 destroyed our place.

Six months after the disaster I opened a new place in the same neighborhood, by myself now, my partner having gone into another line of business.

The new place prospered and I made money and put aside quite a nice sum. When prohibition came I closed up and sold my fixtures.

What stock I had I took out to my house for my own use and for that of a few of my close friends. I never sold my liquor during the dry period.

Several years before I went out of business I had bought a small ranch in the mountains of Mendocino County. There I went after settling up my affairs in the city, and there I stayed for ten years with an occasional trip to San Francisco.

I was contented there though there was not a living thing on the place. Some of my friends came up to visit me occasionally so I did not get lonely.

When prohibition was repealed I came back to San Francisco and opened up a tavern where I now dispense whatever the law allows. I hope the laws will not become so stringent as to put me out of business again.

The subject of this investigation is forty-two years of age. His grandparents on both sides were small merchants in County Cork, Ireland, and raised large families. The elder sons remained in Ireland to carry on the business, while the younger sons were shipped off to the United States or Australia. The parents paid their passage and expected the money to be returned when their sons became established in their country.

This man's father and mother brought him through Ellis Island when he was a little over year old. They crossed by railroad to Havre, Montana, where an uncle was employed on the Great Northern Railroad as an engineer. At first, they made their home with the uncle until the father was taken on by the railroad as a fireman.

As a boy, this man attended the grade schools of Havre and entered high school at fifteen. In his senior year of high school he attracted the attention of a scout for the Gonzaga College football team. On graduating he was offered a place on the Gonzaga team. His expenses would be taken care of by the football association.

He played two years on the Gonzaga team and then a scout brought him to the University of California. He entered the law school at the University of California and played on the football team.

Apparently he made his plans well ahead as he was taken into the legal staff of a prominent law firm in San Francisco upon graduating from the University of California.

He has steadily advanced in the law firm and is now a partner. When war was declared with Germany he entered an officer's training camp and received a commission. He was stationed at Camp Kearny all through the war and was discharged with the rank of captain.

He is a past commander of the American Legion and a member of the County Council of the Legion. He is a Grand Knight in the Knights of Columbus, a member of the Elks, Moose, and two other lodges.

He owns his own home where he lives with his second wife. (His first wife died.) He has amassed a considerable fortune and his great regret is that he has no one to leave it.

He lost heavily at the start of the depression, but has regained all that and much more through shrewd trading in stocks. Being among the leaders of the legal profession, he is considered one of the shrewdest trial lawyers now practicing. He is well on his way toward becoming one of the powerful figures of San Francisco.

shovel could do in ten minutes what it takes a hundred of them to do in a day. This merely adds to the lack of ambition among the men--the "what 's the use attitude." As we knew--they know why they are here.

By the five months I put in at Lake Merced my family got over a very bad time. This makes it right and good what was intended was accomplished. But there are other angles connected with it that made it a time of worse than mental stagnation. It was an emergency measure and as such I suppose was a success, for emergency measures are not designed to help men build for the future.

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PAUL RADIN PAPERS: SERIES I / IRISH

XVIIG Irish